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THE ECHO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

For many years I wandered wide;
But once again I stood beside
The stream so loved, so wildly sweet,
Where oft had strayed my childish feet.
And near me lay the quiet spot
Where stood of yore my father's cot;
But now I mused there all alone,
My father and my home were gone.

I saw each old familiar scene:
The dark beech wood—the play-ground's green,
Where yet the old grape vine did spring,
Whose branch was once our rustic swing;
And then I said, "My playmates dear,
Companions of life's early year,
Where are they now?" Then, soft and low,
An Echo sighed, "Where are they now?"

"Welcome," I said, "old Echo dear!
Thy spirit voice at least is here,
And I remember thy reply
To laughing tones in years gone by;
Yet will no voice but thine now greet
The wanderer back, with love-tones sweet?
And have they passed away? The lay
Of Echo sang, "They passed away!"

"Oh, Echo!" then I said with sighs,
"There was one girl with sweet blue eyes,
And fair, pale face, and hair like gold,
Who used to meet me here of old:
Oh, tell me if that dear one's lot
Was bitter, like my own, or not;
I cannot think she died!" Then sighed
The Echo's lonely voice, "She died!"

"Then, Echo spirit," murmured I,
"Oh, make me now a true reply:
Say when this weary life is past,
I'll meet my boyhood's love at last.
Oh, 'tis too bitter, thus to trace
Remembrance of that lost one's face,
And know 'twill smile no more!" The shore
Caught Echo's voice, "'Twill smile no more!"

Against the kind old oak tree's bark,
I leaned my brow, with misery dark,
And brooded for a while, all still,
Beside the gently murm'ring rill;
I thought upon the loved, the dead!
Then with a sigh I softly said,
"Too dear to last!" and Echo cast
The sad words back, "Too dear to last!"

I murmured, "Echo! after years
Of grief and woe, of sighs and tears—
Is there one friend may yet remain
To take me to his heart again?
There's silver in my dusky hair!
My brow, my heart, are seared with care!
Am I forgot by all?" my call
Brought Echo's back, "Forgot by all!"

"Ah, Echo!" then I sighed, "I know
That true are all thy words of woe,
So from this scene once more, for e'er
I'll pass, since none are left me here.
And in the world's cold ways forget
These tender thoughts, this vain regret;
And wend my way alone." A moan
From Echo came, "Alone! alone!"

Then, Echo, since of all bereft,
Thou only of my friends art left,
I fain would know, where'er I roam,
Where thou dost make thy viewless home.
It almost seems, thou sad unseen,
As thou wouldst say, "My home's within
Thy heart." As when low winds depart,
The Echo sighed, "Within thy heart."

FRANK.

The Mutual Consolation Society.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EVE ISLE," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A little past sunset the following evening, Mr. Bingle and myself alighted from a diabolical old stage coach, (presided over by a long-limbed genius who had been in a perpetual state of somnambulism for the last ten years,) in which we had accomplished the last few miles of our journey, and soon found ourselves domiciled beneath the hospitable roof of Woodbine Cottage, in the suburbs of the village of Oak Hill.

Oak Hill was a secluded little borough. The sun found some difficulty in thrusting its rays into the valley it occupied, and only made a fashionable call of a few minutes at mid-day, consequently a subdued light reigned there for the most part, which was favorable to melancholy speculations and the rapid development of musquitoes, with which the rural settlement was liberally supplied in their season.

But the inhabitants of Oak Hill cherished the delusion that their little village was hard to equal, and quite out of the question to excel in any of the characteristics that render a place delightful. I had no desire to controvert the theory, although personally I was disposed to regard it as slightly behind the times, but I was pleased to learn that they were so well up in the news of the day that it was generally conceded that the Erie canal was an accomplished fact, and that boats had actually made the transit from Albany to Buffalo by means of this artificial navigation. Some of the more profound theorists and thinkers even went so far as to assert their conviction that steam had been successfully applied to land travel, and gave credence to the vague rumors that floated thither that a railroad had been constructed through the state, but they were a domestic people and had never been to see about it, and Mr. Lasher, who daily navigated the stage coach to and from the railway station, was too drowsy to observe whether his few passengers alighted from a railway car or the great four horse coach he used to meet at that point fifteen years before.

A small stream of water made its indolent way through the valley occupied by the village, rolled lazily down a rugged precipice some thirty feet in height, moving in its descent by sheer specific gravity the large overshot water wheel of Mr. Caleb Bottleworth's flouring mill.

Mr. Bottleworth was the great man of the place (for Oak Hill, like other places, had its great man, and neat little exclusive circle that cut the lower classes, made up of such material as Pegg, the shoemaker, and Whackhammer, the blacksmith,) and was the only capitalist it had to boast of. His wealth consisted of real and personal property to the amount of ten thousand dollars; but if his possessions were great his knowledge of the world was absolutely prodigious, for in early life he had been something of a tourist, and had accomplished a journey to New York a quarter of a century before, and among other adventures he had been introduced to an ex governor of the state, two members of the legislature, a midshipman in the navy, and the editor of a newspaper. These pleasing incidents of his younger days Mr. Bottleworth took a natural pride in referring to, and was very properly regarded by his fellow townsmen as a gentleman of large information and experience, and his familiarity with the great personages of the day and with court etiquette had pointed him out as a suitable person to fill the important office of justice of the peace, and he also had in charge the circulating library. The official duties of each of these positions had been discharged to the entire satisfaction of his constituents from time immemorial by this incorruptible statesman.

Having mentioned the exalted position occupied by Mr. Bottleworth, my readers will be prepared for the announcement that his family led the *ton* of Oak Hill. There was a Mrs. Bottleworth and five daughters who collectively formed the centre of the orbit in which the *beau monde* revolved.

It not unfrequently happens in a large family of daughters that *one* seems to have appropriated the personal attractions which were intended for general distribution, but nature had been strictly impartial in fitting out the Misses Bottleworths. Each could boast of a good, though rather ponderous figure, a profusion of curls termed auburn by their admirers, and red by ill-natured people, and a complexion fair and delicate, but—the truth must be told, inordinately supplied with freckles. The young ladies wore pretty large gloves and shoes, but that was not their fault, for they were the smallest articles of the kind they could, and it was really a fine sight to see them all arrayed in their cinnamon silks in the great family pew at Elder Powter's church, carrying pink parasols and Bibles bound in gilt and blue velvet.

No one had yet been able to determine which of the Misses Bottleworth was the family flower, and this perhaps explains why no one had yet volunteered to become Mr. Bottleworth's son-in-law; but this catholic state of celibacy could not be charged entirely to an inability on the part of the village swains to select from so goodly a number, for, as I have intimated, the ladies moved in a very exclusive sphere, and it will be readily inferred that youthful farmers and mechanics would scarcely so far forget the established grades of society as to ask one of the great miller's fashionable daughters to step down into the unpretending walk of life where he was jogging along.

On all social points the lower classes of Oak Hill were unpresuming and discreet. Pegg and Whackhammer knew their places, and never tried to force an entrée into the charmed circle where the miller's daughters, the family of Charley Tape, the storekeeper, and the ladies of Dr. Rhubarb's and Lawyer Flober's families moved in an aristocratic atmosphere of their own.

I am an uncompromising advocate of these social gradations. Any one not wilfully blind can see that Mr. Bottleworth and Mr. Tape, who are fore-handed, as they say at Oak Hill, can have no feelings in common with Mr. Pegg and Mr. Whackhammer, who are not fore-handed. It is true these mechanic fellows sometimes on the sly cultivate a brighter intellect than such fellows ought to have, and occasionally show themselves rather the intellectual superiors of Tape and Bottleworth, but so long as these latter have their little money, acquired by some lucky turn of the wheel of fortune, let them turn their backs upon all such as have no capital save their hands or brains.

A day or two sufficed to tire me of Oak Hill, which I voted stupid, and I felt a strong inclination to return to the city, despite its dust and heat, and let the unappreciated in that section of the country take care of themselves. Bingle did not amount to much as a chum. He began to gush with poetry as soon as he could smell new mown hay and see cattle lying in the shade or cooling themselves in pools of water, and he now passed the greater part of his time in an arbor at the foot of aunt Ruth's garden, deep in the composition of a poem which bade fair to rival "Jepthah's Daughter," in length at least, and there was nothing left for me when weary of a tete-a-tete with my spinster relative, but to walk over to the Buttonwood, as the village inn was called, and chat with Mr. Smile, the obliging and loquacious proprietor.

My aunt, who was a good deal of a literary enthusiast, had taken a deep interest in our society, of which she had learned from the *Daily Bumble Bee*, for which she subscribed, and the welcome she gave Mr. Bingle and myself was even more cordial, if possible, than it would have been had we not been the representatives of an association that promised to do so much for literature and its votaries. Bingle stood high in her good graces at once, and had she been the proprietor of any kind of a printed journal, that gentleman would have had to seek no farther for a medium by which to warble forth his numbers. She pronounced his poetry charming, and ere we had been forty-eight hours at Woodbine Cottage, my individuality was fast becoming merged in that of the poet's. But jealousy was not among my accomplishments, and I was really delighted that poor Bingle had at last found some one who wasn't bored with his verses. So when their conversation began to tend toward the muses, I withdrew and sought consolation in the society of Mr. Smile at the Buttonwood, and as my publican friend was in the habit of borrowing aunt Ruth's copy of the *Bumble Bee* for perusal, and had seen my name mentioned in connection with our society as "a distinguished professional gentleman," he had arrived at the honest conclusion that I was a very creditable acquaintance, an opinion he was careful to promulgate among his friends, and the result was I was soon free of the house, and a good deal of a lion in a small way.

All this was well enough for a few days, but the novelty presently wore off, and it became excessively dull, and I was in a frame of mind to hail with heartfelt gratitude any event that would serve to break the monotony, when I learned on returning home one evening that there was to be a party in town to which Mr. Bingle and myself were invited.

"A party?" I exclaimed. "Where are the guests to come from? There are surely not people enough in this town for the purpose."

"The Misses Bottleworth give one of their very entertaining soirées to-morrow evening," my aunt said with dignity, "and you will have an opportunity of seeing that abundant materials are at hand for a charmingly agreeable affair."

"But I am not acquainted with the young ladies, nor is Bingle that I am aware of."

"The young ladies," continued my aunt, complacently, "take pleasure in bringing together intellect. They are intellectual themselves, all five of them write for the Oak Hill *Clarionet*, and as you and Mr. Bingle are members of the press, and officially connected with that great moral reform movement, they waive ceremony, and open to you the social circle."

"It's very good of them, I am sure," I said, "but I'm not very literary, and I'm afraid I shall not appear to advantage; but I suppose my friend, Mr. Smile, will be there, and we can entertain each other."

"Mr. Smile doesn't move in the first circle, Guy, and you spend quite too much time with him. He's a good creature enough, but a tavern keeper would be an incongruous element in the company you will meet at Mr. Bottleworth's. You are not a poet, it is true, but I think you have literary tastes, and Mr. Bingle's writings make him an eagerly sought-for guest anywhere."

It was not precisely clear to me in what manner Mr. Bingle's writings, which were still in manuscript, had given him such a wide-spread notoriety, but I did not like to destroy one of my good relative's illusions, and one, too, in which it was quite probable the gentleman himself indulged, so I told her I should certainly avail myself of the Misses Bottleworths' invitation, and picking up my hat I strolled forth for a ramble.

It was a beautiful evening, still and moonlight. The torrid heat of noonday had subsided, and a fresh, cool breeze was sweeping through the valley delicious and invigorating. With no object in view, except to while away a passing hour, I sauntered on, following the tortuous windings of the stream I have mentioned before till I had passed quite beyond the village limits, and had entered a deep ravine, where the rugged hills towered above me, and the scene was one of wildness and solitude.

A passing hour! how little meaning these words convey to the careless ear, and of how much that unit of time may be the harbinger. Little dreamed I, as I wandered on only busy with such light thoughts as the time and place suggested, that I was treading the vestibule of a splendid superstructure of bright anticipations and beautiful hopes, but one that was destined to crumble and fall, and be as though it had not been only for the memory it left.

I was charmed with the odd scenery which had never struck me as possessing any particular beauty before; with the cool, quiet night, and my own light-heartedness, and I wandered on until I reached a little nook so dark, retired and solitary, that I could readily imagine myself far removed from human habitation, and felt almost oppressively alone.

It was a charming little dell, which seemed a great rift in the hill, as though the latter had been smitten with a mighty sword and cleft in twain. Little pines and birches, that were miniatures of their tall, far-spreading relatives, whose lots had been cast in a more fruitful soil, were scattered here and there singly and in groups, wild flowers were growing from the crevices of the rocks, and farther on a bright spring bubbled up from beneath an overhanging boulder, and scampered away to the rivulet as if to ask permission to journey on toward the ocean in its company.

I had scarcely noted these various features of the landscape when I heard a soft, musical voice carelessly humming some snatches from *Il Trovatore*. I looked up, and saw a petite, girlish figure moving down the dell at a little distance, carrying in one hand a book, while with the other she swung by a slender ribbon a broad garden hat. I was standing where a heavy shadow concealed me, while the lady's figure was perfectly revealed in the soft but clear light of a June moon. She was small, but very graceful as she came tripping along, all unconscious that she was observed, stopping now and then to gather a flower that had folded its bright leaves and gone to sleep in fancied security, never dreaming that such a charming little thief would be walking about at such an hour.

She had a beautiful face, but it owed its charm more to the refined, intellectual expression it wore, than to mere regularity of feature. Her forehead was full and broad, and over it lay heavy masses of dark-brown hair. I could not determine the color of her eyes, but felt certain they were that kind of gray which you mistake for blue at a little distance, for no others could have been in keeping with such brown hair and such a lovely complexion, and withal there was that indescribable air about her suggestive of gentle birth and breeding.

You, my gentleman friend, have now and then met a lady who bore about with her this indescribable atmosphere, and although she set Mrs. Grundy at defiance occasionally, and did a good many things first and last at which elderly ladies who prided themselves upon their discretion shook their heads dubiously, of whom you no more dared think an unworthy thought than of your mother or sister; and you have met others who were very demure and prudish, and were scandalized by the freedom Mary allowed to cousin Frank, of whom you took the liberty of entertaining just such opinions as you pleased.

My lady of the dell belonged to the first of the above-named classes, so you will require no farther description of her. I would have given something for an excuse to address her, and learn who she was, and what fate had blown such a flower into that wilderness, but excuse there was none, and I drew a little farther into the shadow with the intention of letting her pass unconscious that admiring eyes had been watching her, when the ribbon to which her hat was attached slipped from her fingers, a puff of wind caught it up, coquetted with it for a moment, and then laid it gently on the bosom of the stream.

With a look of comical vexation, the lady stood watching her hat as it sailed slowly down with the current, and then broke into a merry, ringing laugh, as a young gentleman stepped from beneath a small pine by the side of the path, and regardless of consequences as to white pantaloons and well varnished boots, plunged recklessly into the flood, which nearly reached his knees, secured the floating hat, and restored it to its owner.

"A thousand thanks for your gallantry," she said, with a mischievous smile, "and I wish it could have been expended upon a more worthy object. Wading in the creek has not improved your toilet, and—and—" here she broke into a laugh again. "It is very unladylike for me to laugh in return for your kindness, and I ask your pardon; but I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't—it was so funny."

"You owe me no thanks, and no apology. The true knight always feels that the obligation is wholly on his side when fortune gives him an opportunity of relieving a lady in distress."

"I know it, but lance thrust and sabre blows are one thing, and spoiling one's boots quite another."

"Very true," I said, "but here I have been for a week trying to amuse myself, in this stupid village, and have failed so signally that even such a dire catastrophe was welcome by way of change."

Upon this we both laughed, and turned our steps toward the village feeling better acquainted.

"If I am not mistaken, you are Mr. Larrington," said my companion, after a brief silence, looking up into my face with a mingled expression of shyness and confidence.

"You are right, but pardon me, have I been guilty of the impoliteness of not recognizing a former acquaintance?"

"Oh! no, you never saw me before, I think; but I number among my friends, and they are very easily numbered, a certain lady who is very fond of talking about her nephew, and seeing you walk into Woodbine Cottage last evening, quite as if you belonged there, I inferred you must be the much talked of gentleman."

"A very logical deduction; and now must I go home and inquire of my aunt the *name* of the young lady I have had the pleasure of meeting so unexpectedly?"

"I will save you the trouble. Have you never heard aunt Ruth speak of Agnes Fairstar?"

"She has frequently mentioned the name in her letters, but it is such a singular one that I had fancied it might be the *nom de plume* of some of her literary friends, and rather suspected—pardon me—that it stood for one of the Misses Bottleworths, who are contributors, I have heard her say, to the village paper."

"What an absurd idea!" Miss Fairstar said, with a curious little laugh. "I am not surprised at the error, however, for the name is unusual—nevertheless, it is my own—and one by which my ancestors have been designated for centuries among the highlands of old Scotland. There is a tradition that away back, hundreds of years ago, the old Gallic chief who had the honor of founding the line, and who was, I suspect, a most interesting savage, had a daughter whom her tartan wearing admirers were wont to compliment when in a sentimental mood by saying that she was fair as a star. Hence the name of Fairstar."

"A charming origin for a charming name," I said. "So you are of Scottish descent."

"I am a descendant of the ancient Gael of whom Sir Walter delighted to romance. I like his stories perhaps because I have a foolish pride in my ancestry; but the novels that are written now-a-days seem insipid beside the histories of Rob Roy and Rhoderick Dhu. Dickens appeals to my sensibilities, and Currer Bell bewilders me with the power of her intellect; but after all, I think I like Sir Walter best; but this is my abiding place. Good evening; and once more thank you for your courtesy."

So saying she passed through the gate that led up to Mr. Bottleworth's mansion, and I wandered on toward Woodbine Cottage, thinking over my little adventure, and resolving to know more of the Fay I had met by moonlight.

CHAPTER IX.

"Who *is* Agnes Fairstar?" I said to myself as I entered the cottage. It was evident she was not indigenous to the Oak Hill soil. First and last, nearly all the young ladies of which the village boasted, pretty and good-natured girls enough, somewhat given to giggling, had been pointed out to me, but here was one of a different order, a diamond on a strand strewn with pebbles.

Aunt Ruth sat by the table with her knitting listening to the verses that had bubbled up from Mr. Bingle's poetical brain in the course of the day, and I might have addressed to her the question I asked myself and obtained the wished-for information; but my dear sir, didn't you ever feel a slight hesitancy about questioning your maiden aunt about the pretty girl you encountered in your after dinner stroll? Didn't you rather dread the knowing look and smile you were sure would make their appearance on the dear old spinster's face if you framed your inquiries ever so circumspectly?

I could not quite make up my mind to ask the question, and so stalked off to my chamber, sat down in a large arm-chair, lighted a cigar, and thrust my wet boots through the open casement.

By-and-by Bingle came up very happy and poetical, and evinced some surprise at finding me smoking in my saturated garments.

"Hello! Guy, how came you so *doosid* wet?" was his friendly salutation.

"I fell in the creek, Bingle, and was sitting here to dry in the moonlight."

"Did you though? That's too bad; but I say, Guy, your aunt is a splendid woman—such poetical taste as she has—I never saw the like of it."

"She is a fine woman, Bingle, and evidently likes your verses."

"Well I think she does; and she tells me I have some talent. What would you think of my marrying, Guy? Don't you think I would get on better in the world?"

"It would be the best thing you could do; but who's the charmer? Is it a late affair?"

The literary gentleman said Cupid had wounded him quite recently; and then with a blush and a sigh relapsed into silence.

"Do you think your respected aunt could be induced to change her condition?" Mr. Bingle anxiously continued, after a considerable pause.

I saw some rare sport in prospective, and resolved to make the most of it.

"Is it aunt Ruth who has captivated you?" I asked, sympathizingly.

"Who else could it be?" the poet fervently responded; "she is the only person who ever understood or appreciated me—she sees I have genius, and would help me to develope it. With her I could be happy, although I admit I am her junior by—"

"Fifteen or twenty years," I said, interrupting him, "but that's nothing—a mere trifle."

"That's the view I take of it. Between kindred spirits, as I feel ours are, what difference

can a few years discrepancy in our ages make?"

"It shouldn't make a particle," I said, gravely. "Go on, Bingle; I'm amazingly interested in this affair of yours."

"I am glad to hear it, for do you know I was half afraid it wouldn't strike you favorably; but will she consent, Guy?"

"How the deuce should I know? You must ask her."

"I suppose so—oh, yes, of course I must; but don't you think it would be a good idea to write a few stanzas for instance, that should vaguely hint of a poet who loved a woman called Ruth, but was afraid to offer her his heart and hand; and then drop the lines where she would find them? Wouldn't it, so to speak, delicately open her eyes to the true state of my feelings?"

"That would be a capital way of opening the campaign," I said, with difficulty suppressing my merriment. Whereupon Mr. Bingle produced his pencil and note-book and began to scribble, and concluding he was engaged for the rest of the night, I went to bed, and dreamed of a petite lady in a garden hat, and when I awoke, the question "Who *is* Agnes Fairstar?" was still in my mind and unanswered.

Immediately after breakfast I walked over to the post-office, and was rewarded for my trouble by a ponderous letter directed in Dr. Wedgewood's apology for a hand-writing. It read as follows:—

"Dear Guy—Five suns have risen and set since the light of your countenance faded from Nassau street, and already Gotham begins to look cheerless to your melancholy and replning friend. I have done everything in my power to keep the mental mercury from moving towards zero.

"I have basked in the smiles of Miss Spragg, administered curatives to her mamma, and drank rum punch with her papa, a shrewd old sinner with no conscience to speak of. But it won't do—I am becoming a misanthrope and losing flesh, and shall soon be but the shadow of my former self, unless you return to comfort me.

"I have become famous in the Spragg family. The old lady believes in me as she does in her Bible. Miss Lydia still languishes in my presence, and gives me to understand by various sweet devices that her precious heart may be had for the asking. Confound the girl! I wish she wasn't such a dunce. Her airs and affectations make me absolutely sick, but who the deuce cares? She'll inherit half a million some of these days, and that, my boy, will cover a multitude of short-comings. The family would evidently favor the alliance. Mrs. S., by far the least objectionable of the lot, and really a good-natured old soul, has become motherly and solicitous about my health, the governor meets me on the street, grins in my face and talks an interest in my business prospects, and that cub of a brother, who won't get through Blackstone in the next fifteen years, favors me with the most hospitable invitations to partake of brandy and theatre tickets at his fraternal expense.

"I saw a good deal of your client, Warewell, for a day or two after you left. He is evidently ferreting out something, and my impression is he understands his business thoroughly. Last night he came round to the society meeting, grave and imperturbable as could be, and expressed a wish to be enrolled among us, and his request was acceded to, whereupon he disbursed his twenty-five cents, and made a telling speech that drew tears from the eyes of Col. Ponkinson. It was reported in full in the *Bumble Bee* this morning, and I send you a copy by this mail.

"Truly yours, WEDGEWOOD."

I was not quite pleased with my friend's letter. I did not like to have him speak so flippantly of contracting a matrimonial alliance for the mercenary motives he openly admitted actuated him. I had been a partial convert to his views but a short time previous, but my sentiments had changed again for some reason since I met the petite lady of the dell, and it seemed to me now that Wedgewood was acting a part unworthy of himself. Miss Spragg was, as he represented her, the sentimental, uneducated daughter of vulgar parents, who had acquired wealth and would fain believe it was all they needed to fit them for the associates of those where refinement, intelligence, and that honor which is born with a man, if he ever had it, have been family heir-looms for generations.

It must be confessed that American society is becoming sadly purse-proud and snobbish. Vulgarity speculates in railroad shares, or bores for petroleum, and with the golden results of its happy venture buys absolution for its short comings, and sets up for gentility. The world sneers a little when Mrs. Snob gives her order for so many cubic feet of books to fill her library, but she has a well appointed table and a French cook, so they smooth their faces into a smile and eat her dinner, and young Snob need not be diffident about turning his eyes toward the world-accomplished daughter, if the paternal purse only be of suitable dimensions. To be sure, like all general rules, this has an occasional exception. There are an uncompromising few in the social universe who will not bow the knee to Mammon, though they may feel disposed to treat him civilly when they meet him in society and give him a nod and a "how d'ye do," in a friendly way, but that is all, and they entertain a well-bred contempt for those who fall at Mammon's feet and worship whatever golden calf he may see fit to set up. These are they who take a little excusable pride in showing you old family Bibles with records going back to revolutionary times and beyond, and of relating how this youngster and that, long since beneath the tombstone, bore away honors at old Yale; how another was a celebrated divine, or author, and still another a great merchant, whose honor was never impugned, and who never advanced his pecuniary interests by a failure.

The reflections to which my friend's letter had given rise might have continued an undue length of time, had they not been disturbed by Mr. Bingle, who had been patiently awaiting my return, to get my opinion upon his Ode to Aunt Ruth, but my prolonged absence having awakened his fears that I might be taking too much ale at the hospitable establishment of Mr. Smile, he deemed it advisable to institute a search.

"Hello! where have you been all the morning?" the literary gentleman said, looking into the public room of the Buttonwood where I had been ensconced for an hour or more.

"Here. Did you want me?"

"Well no, not particularly; I didn't know but you had fallen into the creek again, and was a little worried; but as I have found you, I should like to know what you think of the poem I have written to—you know who."

Without farther preliminaries, Mr. Bingle produced from his hat a sheet of gilt-edged note paper, upon which some verses were written, and handed it to me. I transcribe the production as I should like my readers to have a specimen of the poet's genius:

Star of my hopes and idol of my dreams,
Most fair of women—radiant as the moon
When rests her silvery shield upon the streams,
And sows with beamlets the broad fields of June—
List to my lay;
Turn not thine eyes away,
Lest in thy frowning joy's frail blossoms die!
Oh! name that sums all grace,
Fit name for sweetest face,
Give me thy love! reply, beloved, reply.

Oh! name in Hebrew idyl sweet
Embalmed forever more,
Wilt thou belie its sweet significance?
Unpitied I adore!
No, thou wilt smile upon my wretched youth,
And as thou hope'st for mercy give me—
Ruth.

"What do you think of that?" Mr. Bingle said, anxiously, tapping his nose with his pencil; "it isn't too Byronic, is it?"

I thought no one but a genuine genius could have produced such a hopeless piece of nonsense; and I assured Mr. Bingle that I thought it a very remarkable production.

"Then you think it will do," said the poet, blissfully.

"Of course it will. The woman whose heart wouldn't be melted by that, must be entirely invulnerable to the arrows of Cupid."

The poet laughed and rubbed his hands in an ecstacy of delight; and upon my suggesting that he ought to volunteer to escort aunt Ruth to the soiree that evening, he thanked me for the hint, and promised to act upon it, and very soon walked off, to enjoy in anticipation the felicity in store for him, while I strolled away to the little dell where I had met Agnes Fairstar with the faint hope that I might meet her again. But the Fay was not there, and the little pines and birches, the rocks and rugged hills had lost much of their beauty. Was the change chargeable to the absence of the Fay or the moonlight?

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Bingle was in an advanced state of preparation when I returned from my walk, which had occupied the entire afternoon, and really looked well in his little pumps, white pantaloons and vest, and his blue swallow tail.

"I am to escort her, Guy," he said, giving the finishing touch to his curls and setting his broad-brimmed hat rather jauntily over one eye. "She has got the poem. I saw her pick it up and read it."

"Did she faint, or anything of that sort?"

Mr. Bingle said he had not observed any such effect, and indeed had scarcely expected so much, although he believed the verses were pretty well up to the mark.

"You are getting on famously," I said, "and you shall have fair play. When you are ready, go ahead with aunt Ruth, and tell her I have not completed my toilet, but will be with her in the course of an hour."

Bingle was delighted and rushed down stairs, and presently after I saw him from the window in the moonlight moving off in the direction of the Bottleworth residence, with aunt Ruth dressed in her lavender silk, which was only worn on state occasions, hanging graciously on his arm.

In process of time I found myself at Mr. Bottleworth's door. "What name?" said the gigantic servant who condescended to open the portal responsive to my summons.

"Mr. Larringdon," I said, meekly, and "Mr. Larringdon" was accordingly shouted through the parlor door. I was shoved after it, and brought up in a large room, already very well filled by a collection of exceedingly stiff looking people, who sat bolt upright against the wall, sedate and solemn as near relatives at a funeral.

On a sofa at one end of the apartment were the five Misses Bottleworth in their cinnamon silks, looking precisely as they did at church, only in place of the Bibles bound in gilt and blue velvet, each was armed with a fan covered with spangles and tipped with down, and as I was announced, their five heads made a simultaneous inclination, and their five voices blended in a "good evening."

To these friendly demonstrations I made a proper return, but I was still standing where I had been deposited by the big servant, the focus of a score or two of eyes, and with no apparent prospect of bettering my condition, for no one spoke to me except from a distance, and no one offered me a seat, until a tall, spare lady, who looked like a fossil of one of the occupants of the sofa, sailed majestically across the room, took my arm and proceeded to introduce me to every one present in regular succession, informing each in a semi-confidential way that I was the distinguished lawyer spoken of in the *Daily Bumble Bee*, all of which was, of course, highly gratifying.

Having exhibited her little lion, Mrs. Bottleworth displaced a fat gentleman who had occupied a seat at her side when I first entered the room, and who was, I subsequently learned, no less a personage than her liege lord, and graciously devoted herself to my entertainment. Touching her family history the lady became communicative. Both her family, the Spears, and her husband's, had been distinguished ever since families existed, and all the excellencies of Mr. Bottleworth's line had concentrated in him. He was a remarkable man, and was admitted to be so by the community in which he dwelt. He had travelled and held offices of responsibility and trust, and had very distinguished relatives in New York. Had I ever heard of Mr. Samuel Spragg?

It was gratifying to be able to state that I had, also that I had had the honor of being presented to Mrs. Samuel Spragg and her daughter, and that Samuel Spragg, Jr., was a student in my office.

Mrs. Bottleworth's astonishment was with difficulty restrained within reasonable bounds. She hastened to convey to me the information that Mrs. Spragg, the leader of the fashionable world, was none other than Mr. Bottleworth's only sister.

"Is it possible?" I said, wondering, though I did not say so, if Mr. Bottleworth's far-famed visit to New York in early times might not have been undertaken for the purpose of obtaining for his sister the situation in the Division street millinery establishment.

The good lady rattled on for some time longer, and then having talked herself out for the time being, I was at liberty to look about me for the moment in search of some one I had hoped to see. A glance sufficed to show that the face I sought was not in the room, and a feeling of genuine disappointment was creeping over me, when the door opened and the petite lady of the dell entered, so self-possessed and lady-like, so different in dress and manner from any other in the room, that again the question, "Who *is* Agnes Fairstar?" rose to my lips, and I was determined to solve the mystery.

"Who is that young lady who has just entered?" I asked of Mrs. Bottleworth.

"That young *woman*," the lady answered with a scathing emphasis, "is my daughter's music teacher, Miss Fairstar."

I confess I was surprised, for there was something terribly incongruous in Miss Fairstar, graceful and accomplished as she was, being a hireling in the house of Caleb Bottleworth; but I think I was rather pleased with the discovery, for men, selfish animals as they are, generally like to find that a young lady who has had the good fortune to awaken their lordly interest occupies a sphere where she is not obliged to look down upon her admirer, if she chances to become aware of his existence and admiration.

"Your daughters have secured a very charming teacher, Mrs. Bottleworth. Will you have the kindness to present me?"

"My dear Mr. Larringdon, I assure you she is not at all the kind of person you would like to know. She has a pretty face and I believe plays well, but she belongs to a very different class of society from what we are accustomed to associate with. My daughters never make an equal of her."

"You really make me very anxious to know her. Pray introduce me. She is talking with my aunt, I see."

With a very bad grace my hostess arose to comply with my request, but at that moment supper was announced, and I was under the necessity of offering my arm and escorting her to the refreshment *salon*.

I had scarcely taken my place at the table, however, when to my surprise and delight Bingle entered with my aunt and Miss Fairstar and took up a position opposite.

"Guy, my dear," aunt Ruth said, from across the table, "I wish you to know my very dear friend, Agnes Fairstar—Agnes, this is my nephew, Guy Larringdon, I have spoken to you about."

Mrs. Bottleworth became instantly as frigid as the north-west passage; Bingle looked unhappy too, for although a good-natured fellow, he was too desperately in love to feel equal to the task of entertaining two ladies.

I remained with my hostess after supper no longer than politeness required. The company were pairing off for a promenade through the rooms and garden; and extricating myself from Mrs. Bottleworth's surveillance, I joined Miss Fairstar, and we presently passed out into the open air. The garden was spacious and really beautiful; so we strolled on through various walks till we reached a rustic arbor, furnished with rude seats, where we sat down.

"So you never mentioned to aunt Ruth that you met me in the dell," Agnes said, with her quizzical little laugh.

"Not I. I did not know whether you would be disposed to acknowledge the acquaintance when we met again."

"What an absurd idea! Confess now, you wished to know who that young lady was who ran about among the hills at unreasonable hours, before you admitted that you had seen and talked with her."

"I certainly wished most earnestly to know who you were—but I had no fear that anything I might learn would lessen the interest I felt in you."

"You must have felt vastly interested in one you had only seen for a few moments."

"Is an acquaintance of days and weeks necessary before one person can feel interested in another?"

"Isn't it?"

"I can only speak from my own experience. I have met those for whom I felt a warm regard from the first moment I saw them; and I have seen others I disliked as heartily on as brief acquaintance."

"Ah! you are a believer in psychological intuitions and impressions, and all the rest of those modern heresies, I dare say; still I agree with you partly. I have seen a very few in whom I had an instinctive feeling of confidence, and it seemed as though I had known them a long time from the very first. I have a little of that feeling about you; but this is not surprising perhaps, as I have been in the habit of hearing you spoken of so frequently. I wish I had known you before."

"Why?" I asked, becoming more and more interested in this odd little lady.

"Oh! I don't know, unless it is that I think we should have been good friends—as I have a presentiment we shall be. I have not very many, you see—and every accession to their ranks is a godsend. You gentlemen who can go out into the world and make friends for yourselves, don't know how to pity ladies who must wait till they come."

"We will be friends from this moment," I said.

"I hope so. There is something very beautiful in true friendship. It is unselfish and without passion, and therefore more to be sought for than love, which is neither; but *mon ami*, we shall certainly become sentimental if we go on talking in this strain by moonlight, and there will be an end of our friendship. Let us change the subject."

"As you will," I replied, feeling that there was indeed some danger as far as I was concerned; in dwelling upon such themes as friendship and love with a bright-eyed maiden at that witching hour, "and if we must speak of other things, perhaps you will tell me of yourself."

"You could not have selected a more uninteresting topic; nevertheless, your curiosity shall be gratified. I will tell you my history. My name you know already. Well, to proceed in order, I teach music, because, though poor to a most unromantic degree, I have a feminine taste for pretty things to wear; besides, I like books and pictures; and not being a chameleon and capable of existing on an atmospheric diet, I have to supply myself with bread and butter. All of these things cost sixpences and shillings; farther, I am an orphan, and have no relatives this side the Atlantic, that I know of. And, lastly, I have reached the discreet age of one and twenty, and have never had a lover."

"Are you certain in regard to the last item of your history?"

"To be sure I am. Indigent music teachers don't have admirers, my friend; and I don't think I could afford to have one on the whole. Just reflect for a moment,—after I have been laboring all day striving to beat some conception of *La Somnambula* into Miss Bottleworth's understanding, I must needs sit up into the small hours inditing epistles to the gentleman who has condescended to admire me—and then there would be the postage and the expenditure for stationery. No, I'm clear I couldn't afford it. But what do you think of my autobiography?"

"It's very plain and terse, but needs another chapter."

"Perhaps it will be written in the course of time. Who knows? But we must go in now, before my good-natured pupils begin to wonder what has become of us."

Slowly we returned to the parlor. A part of the company had already withdrawn, having obtained their supper, which was the part of the entertainment they had in view when they came; and others were scattered about the rooms in little knots gossipping and otherwise amusing themselves.

Around the piano was congregated the intellectual element, comprising the young ladies of the house, Dr. Rhubarb and lawyer Fibber, and likewise Mr. Puff, editor of the Oak Hill *Clarionette*, and last but by no means least Mr. Bingle, who was discoursing learnedly of the city press and the Mutual Consolation Society, and seemed to be rather *the* attraction of the circle.

"I believe you are a member of the society of which that little gentleman is speaking," Agnes said, with a mischievous smile. "What a pity ladies are not eligible for membership. I have long thought I was unappreciated; and it would be so nice to have a vast influential society to look after one's interest. Can't you induce them to deviate so far from their established rules as to admit the Misses Bottleworth and myself?"

"Confound the society!" I said to myself, and at that moment the elder Miss Bottleworth espied me.

"Oh! have you returned, Mr. Larringdon? We began to fear our music teacher had appropriated you for the evening. Agnes, we've been wanting you to play something for Mr. Bingle."

"Mr. Bingle would be better entertained, I am sure, with an exhibition of the talents of my pupils," Agnes said with perfect good humor.

"Certainly, Miss Bottleworth," Mr. Bingle said, "I should be *doosidly* obliged for something in the musical way. It is really an inspiration for us poetical men."

Being thus urged Miss Bottleworth took her seat at the instrument and rattled through some performance indifferently well, but her satellites applauded, and taking their cue from her, gave the cold-shoulder to the upstart music-teacher, who had presumed to make herself agreeable to a guest of her employer's house.

"I suppose that girl imagined it would annoy me to allude to my avocation in the presence of strangers," Agnes said with a light laugh, "but I have no such weakness; still it is not pleasant to receive the money of some people even when it is an equivalent for services rendered."

"I can easily comprehend that."

"But after all she is not to blame. She has been reared in the belief that the few hundreds her father possesses gives her a kind of gentility, and places her far above such as I. How much one finds in the world to laugh at!"

"One can always find enough to amuse them in the idiosyncrasies of those with whom they are thrown in contact," I said, and soon after made my adieus, perceiving from the glances with which my hostess's fair daughters favored us, that I could not hope for a longer uninterrupted tête-a-tête with the little music-teacher.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ Printers beat the Dutch, and everybody else but their wives. We have one in our office who preached the Gospel, ran a side-show to a circus, kept a singing-school, ran away with a man's wife and two children, practised medicine, been an agent for a concert troupe, and clerk on a steamboat. He has now reformed, and settled down to a legitimate business—that of sticking type. We'll make a man of him yet.—*Exchange paper.*

☞ The London Lancet, in referring to the numerous recent cases of hydrophobia, and to the recommendation of a jury in one case, that all dogs should be muzzled, observes:—"We believe that this would be a practical mistake. It could not fail to have an injurious effect upon the health and temper of dogs. And, although hydrophobia is a very dreadful thing, dogs should not, any more than men, be constantly treated as creatures liable to go mad."

☞ Scientific investigations show that in ascending mountains the heart-beats increase on an average one per minute for every hundred yards of ascent.

☞ PLENTY OF EDITORS.—Since Mr. Charles A. Dana left the Chicago Republican, the proprietors of that journal have received so many applications for the post of editor that they have published the following notice in that paper:—"All persons applying for the position of editor of the Republican will be required to subscribe for the Daily for one year; price $10 in advance. By the adoption of this rule we expect to give our paper the largest circulation of any journal in the West."

☞ In Webster, Mass., recently, some young men placed two small brown snakes in a kind of fancy paper basket, filled the opening with flowers, so that the reptiles could not crawl out, and hung the device upon the door knob of a house where some young ladies were boarding. The basket and contents chanced to be found first by the most timid of the young ladies, who, upon withdrawing the flowers, and seeing the serpents crawl out upon the table, was so much alarmed that she fell in spasms, and is still in a very weak and nervous condition.

☞ A divorce case in Chicago has the queer feature that the defendant looks so much like his twin-brother, his partner in business, that the lady herself is unable to identify her husband, having been separated from him for some time.

☞ GUNPOWDER.—The force of the explosion of gunpowder is greatly increased when the powder is previously heated nearly to its point of decomposition. This may partially account for the bursting of guns after long firing.

☞ If a man is not tall at twenty, handsome at thirty, wise at forty, and rich at fifty, he never will be tall, handsome, wise, nor rich.

☞ A wee bit of a boy having been slightly chastised by his mother, sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterward, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get anuzzer housekeeper—I'se got tired o' seein' you round."

☞ Green corn has made its appearance in New Orleans.

☞ Notwithstanding the hue and cry raised against cholera, it makes a meagre death record compared with consumption.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1866.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

One copy, one year,	$2,50
Two copies, "	4,00
Four copies, "	8,00
Eight copies, " and one to getter up of club,	16,00
Twenty " " and one to getter up of club,	35,00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4,00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

Any person having sent a Club may add other names at any time during the year. The papers for a Club may be sent to different Post-offices.

Subscribers in British North America must remit twenty cents in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent on receipt of five cents.

Address HENRY PETERSON & CO.
No. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILAD'A.

A SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

We will give one of WHEELER & WILSON'S Celebrated Sewing Machines—the regular price of which is FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS—on the following terms:—

1. Twenty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $60
2. Thirty copies, one year, and Sewing Machine, $75

In the first of the above Clubs, a lady can get twenty subscribers at the regular price of $2.50 a copy, and then, by sending on these subscriptions, and Ten *dollars in addition*, will get a Machine that she cannot buy anywhere for less than Fifty-five dollars. While if she gets thirty subscribers at the regular price, she will get her Machine for nothing.

The paper will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded.

The Clubs may be composed partly of subscribers to THE POST, and partly to THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 3 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

EMERSON BENNETT'S NEW STORY.

In the first paper of July (July 7th) we design commencing a new story by Emerson Bennett, called:

THE WHITE SLAVE;

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

The many admirers of Mr. Bennett will find this story, though somewhat different, fully equal in romance and interest to "The Phantom of the Forest."

It will probably be about four months in running through THE POST.

In addition, after completing that amusing serial, "THE MUTUAL CONSOLATION SOCIETY," and the fine story of "ADRIANA," we have other stories of great interest to lay before our readers.

As Mr. Bennett's story will commence in the first number of July, new subscribers wishing to procure it, can do so if they choose, by simply subscribing for the last six months of the year. Price $1,25 for six months; or for THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND (each six months) $2,00.

As we may possibly run out of the early numbers of this story, as we did out of those of "The Phantom of the Forest," we should like new subscribers who are particularly desirous of reading "The White Slave," to send in their names as early as possible.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Several subscribers have written to us relative to the advertisement of the "European Time Keeper," saying that it is nothing but "a pasteboard dial with a string," and also in relation to "gold pens," &c.

Now, while we do not pretend to guarantee the good faith of those who advertise in our columns, we make it a rule never to continue any advertisement which is complained of as being a humbug, any longer than we have contracted for.

The good sense of our readers, however, will tell them that they must exercise their own mother wit in these matters. When prices in general are as high as they are now, it is not very probable that any person is going to sell a great deal for a very little.

Especially when gold and silver command a high premium, how can any sensible man expect to purchase articles made of gold and silver for a mere song?

Suppose some person were to advertise that he would send a genuine ten-dollar gold piece to any one who would send him a two-dollar greenback, would any person be fool enough to send the two dollars? No one ought to be, but we really believe that some are. And we are not quite certain that those who are taken in by such transparent swindles, do not deserve what they get—or rather, do not get—for there is a species of dishonesty in wishing to obtain articles at so much less than their real value.

But, for the sake of our advertisers in general, as well as of our readers, we shall endeavor to keep all deceptive offers out of our columns. And we are therefore always desirous of knowing when our advertisers do not come up to their promises. For we shall make it a rule to decline forming any fresh contracts for advertising with those whom we believe to be attempting to impose in any way upon the public.

ANOTHER OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Mr. George D. Dousman writes from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, as follows:—

"I noticed a few weeks since in one of your papers that a Mr. R. Nye, of Pomeroy, Ohio, had taken THE POST for the last 33 years, and that he was considered an old subscriber. That is very true. But I do not think that he can come up to me yet. If my memory serves me right, I first took your paper at Mackinac in 1826, and continued it there until the fall of 1835. From Mackinac I came to Wisconsin in the fall of 1835, and have taken THE POST ever since, making in all 40 years up to the present time. I think I am a little ahead of friend Nye.

"I think, after the present year, should I live, I ought to be entitled to THE POST for the balance of my lifetime."

We have not many older subscribers to THE POST than Mr. Dousman, though we have a few whose subscriptions date back until even an earlier period. The paper was commenced on August 4th, 1821; and we think there still remain several whose subscriptions run back nearly, if not quite, to its very first year.

We admit it would be a very good idea to allow our old subscribers to have their papers in future for nothing, but are sorry to say the rule will not as yet work all round. For instance, our old clerks, compositors, &c., although they have worked for THE POST so many years and been regularly paid, do not seem willing hereafter to work for us for nothing. The papermakers are equally obdurate. And in fact all our old friends whom we have been patronizing in various ways, for so long a time, unanimously respond to similar hints on our part, that "they don't see it." Now, as soon as they can be brought to view this matter in its proper light, we are ready to supply all our old subscribers with their weekly papers for nothing. And when that time comes, we shall assuredly let everybody know.

INDIAN NAMES.

Those of our writers who are in the Indian romance line, must often feel at a loss for Indian names for their characters. We therefore quote the names of the Camanche and Kiowa chiefs who recently made a treaty with the United States, as found in the published copy of the official documents. Some of the appellations are rather peculiar, to say the least, and the last one rather less nice than expressive. The treaty was made at the Council Ground, on the Little Arkansas river, on the 22d of May last. It was signed and sealed in presence of—

W. R. IRWIN, Secretary,
WM. T. KITTRIDGE,
D. C. MCNEIL,
JAS. S. BOYD.

TAB-E-NAN-I-KAH, or Rising Sun, his x mark, chief of Yampirica, or Root Eater band of Camanches, for Paddy-wah-say-mer and Ho-to-yo-koh-wat's band.

ESH-E-TAVE PA-RAH, or Female Infant, his x mark, headman of Yampirica band of Camanches.

A-SHA-HAB-BEET, or Milky Way, his x mark, chief Penve-taba, or Sugar Eater band of Camanches, and for Co che-te ka or Buffalo Eater band.

QUEEN-AH-E-VAH, or Eagle Drinking, his x mark, head chief of No-co-nee or Go-about band of Camanches.

TA-HA-YER QUOIP, or Horse's back, his x mark, 2d chief of No co-nee or Go-about band of Camanches.

POCHA-NAW-QUOIP, or Buffalo Hump, his x mark, 3d chief of Pennetaka, or Sugar Eater band of Camanches.

HO-TO-YO-KOH-WOT, or Over the Buttes, his x mark, chief of Yampirica band.

PARRY-WAH-SAY-MER, or Ten Bears, his x mark, chief of Yampirica band.

BO-YAH-WAH-TO-YEH-BE, or Iron Mountain, his x mark, chief of Yampirica bank of Camanches.

BO-WAH QUAS SUH, or Iron Shirt, his x mark, chief of De-na-vi band, or Liver Eater band of Camanches.

TO-SA-WI, or Silver Brooch, his x mark, head chief of Pennetaka band of Camanches.

QUEIL-PARK, or Lone Wolf, his x mark.

WAH-TOH-KONK, or Black Eagle, his x mark.

ZIP-KI-YAH, or Big Bow, his x mark.

SA-TAN-TA, or White Bear, his x mark.

TON-A-EN-KO, or Kicking Eagle, his x mark.

SETTEM-KA-YAH, or Bear Runs over a Man, his x mark.

KAH-PE AH, or Plumed Lance, his x mark.

TO-HAU-SON, or Little Mountain, his x mark.

SA-TANK, or Sitting Bear, his x mark.

PAWNEE, or Poor Man, his x mark.

TA-KI-BULL, or Stinking Saddle Cloth, his x mark, chiefs of the Kiowa Tribe.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE.

It was a very good joke, Thomas Carlyle's recent enforcement of silence as one of the greatest of virtues, in a speech of two hours' length. To denounce the present age as the age of talk, and then talk away with perfect looseness by the hour, was certainly not only stating but illustrating a truth.

In this connection, a good hit has been made by Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. In concluding his course of lectures, he congratulated the students on the election of Mr. Carlyle as Lord Rector, observing that, although he had enforced on them the virtue of silence, yet, in his own house at Cheisea, Mr. Carlyle kept the whole company silent while he himself would talk on for hours.

THE SEWING MACHINE.

A. H. Tracy writes from Peru, Miami county, Indiana, as follows:—

"I take pleasure in saying the Machine came at the right time, and in good order. It is just what I expected, and gives entire satisfaction."

PRINCE'S NURSERIES.—The well-known Linnean nurseries at Flushing, Long Island, which have been in the same family for 134 years, have been sold so far as the tree portion of them is concerned, to J. Wilson Coburn, Esq., of New York City. The old firm will continue, however, at least for the present, the culture of everything except trees, including shrubs, small fruits, plants, &c.

A CORRECTION.—Mr. Sheffield writes us that the Italian Revolution, to which he makes allusion in Chap. 8 of "The Mutual Consolation Society," was in 1847, not in 1827, as the types make him say.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A COMMENTARY ON THE HOLY SCRIPTURES: Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical, with special reference to Ministers and Students. By JOHN PETER LANGE, D. D., in connection with a number of European divines. Translated from the German, and edited with additions, original and selected, by PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D., in connection with American divines of various evangelical denominations. Vol. 2 of the New Testament; Mark and Luke. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York. This is probably the most elaborate and exhaustive biblical work which has appeared during the present century. The plan is quite novel. The general purpose, as the American editor states, is to furnish a comprehensive theological commentary which shall satisfy all the theoretical and practical demands of the evangelical ministry of the present generation, and serve as a complete exegetical library for constant reference; a commentary learned yet popular, orthodox and sound yet unsectarian, liberal and truly catholic in spirit and aim, combining with original research the most valuable results of the exegetical labors of the past and present, and making them available for the practical use of ministers and the general good of the church. In the preparation of the work, Dr. Lange is assisted by a number of the distinguished evangelical divines and pulpit orators of Germany, Switzerland and Holland. The different books of the Old and of the New Testament are assigned to different editors, but their labors are all fashioned upon the same general plan. Among the names of these different commentators are those of Osterzee, Lechler, Kling, Schmoller, Schenkel, Auberlen, Moll, Fronmuller, Cassel, Bahr, Moll, and Nagleabach. The American reprint, which is undertaken with the approval and aid of Dr. Lange, reproduces the comments in separate volumes as well as in a collected form, under the general supervision of Dr. Philip Schaff, whose eminent fitness for such a duty will be generally acknowledged. The several volumes are, however, revised and edited by different gentlemen, who supply further notes, references, or criticisms. Among the American editors, in addition to Schaff, are Shedd, Yeomans, Schaffer, Poor, Starbuck, Hackett, Lillie, Kendrick, Day, Mombert, Lewis, Hurst, and others. Three books of the New Testament, "Matthew," "Mark," and "Luke," treated in this style, have already appeared in this country. The publication of so elaborate a work is regarded as an event of the greatest importance even in Germany; and in this country, where all the results of recent German criticism are thus compactly and cheaply brought together for the first time, it possesses a special value.

MY VINEYARD AT LAKEVIEW. By a Western Grape Grower. Published by Orange Judd & Co., 41 Park Row, New York.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES. By WILLIAM DAVIDGE, Comedian, author of "The Family Party," "The Drama Defended," &c. Published by the American News Company, 119 and 121 Nassau street, New York.

THE ORPHANS; AND CALEB FIELD. By MRS. OLIPHANT, author of "Self Sacrifice," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

BEADLE'S DIME BASE BALL PLAYER. Published by Beadle & Co., New York.

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is with heart-felt pleasure that we announce to the public, that the managers of that most deserving, though little known charity, "The Children's Hospital of Philadelphia," have actually began to build upon the lot at Twenty-second and Locust streets, which they have been in possession of for some time past. The erection of the new hospital has only been delayed by the enormous cost of labor and lumber.

After resolving, however, to cut their coat according to their cloth, and obtaining a contract, within the sum in hand, for the building fund, a deterioration in some of the stocks held by the hospital, has deprived it of $2,000. Surely those who know anything of the important work which this noble but most unassuming charity is doing for the sick and suffering little ones of our city, will not refuse to aid them in making up this sum. And to those to whom this institution may be a novelty, we would only say, go and see for yourselves, and we shall be very sure of your contributions.

Donations may be sent to the treasurer, Mortimer Lewis, Esq., at the office of M. P. Henry, Esq., 416 Walnut street, or to Dr. F. W. Lewis, St. Lawrence hotel. The Children's Hospital is at the north-west corner of Twenty-second and South streets. DELTA.

THE most reliable authority announces that it is whispered in the polite circles in Paris that the "next style will be to pile all the hair on the top of the head, because the 'part is widening' on the head of the Empress Eugenie. Of course her Majesty is not growing bald—that would be too horrid—but her 'line of separation' on the front hair is becoming too conspicuous for beauty. We presume the young ladies will immediately pull out their own profuse locks, to ape the imperial 'part.' Bunches of curls and large rolls of hair are to become concealers of the 'widening.'" The Empress is said to be rapidly approaching that uncertain age which leaders of fashion so much dread. The fifth of May was her fortieth birthday, and the once young and beautiful Eugenie is beginning to show her years. Time is writing his wrinkles on her face, and she is gradually losing the firmness and delicacy of her features.

THE NEW YORK QUARANTINE.—The authorities at New York have at length settled their quarantine question by seizing Seguin's Point, on Staten Island, where the necessary hospital buildings are being erected. Seguin's Point is at the southwest corner of Staten Island, near the mouth of the Raritan river. Near it is the place where the bodies of those who die on the cholera ships are buried. It is to be hoped that now the unfortunate cholera patients may be landed from the pest ships, and not left in constant contact with the vessels where they were first attacked by the disease.

EXECUTION OF PROBST.—Anton Probst, the murderer of the Deering family, was executed in this city on Friday, the 8th inst. He died with scarcely a struggle.

☞ Women who have become bald by frequent burning of the hair for crimping are introducing the fashion of wearing top-knots in Paris. The Empress smiles upon it.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY COSMO.

CRUSOE LAND—SINGULARITY OF POSITION—APPEARANCES—ISLAND FOUNTAINS—VEGETATION—DOGS—CATS—RATS—FALLACIES OF DEFOE—FOWLS AND FISHES.

The unceasing surges of the Pacific are everlastingly chiseling away at the underpinning of the island of Juan Fernandez; so that unless the indefatigable atomic coralites hurry up their outer defences of encircling reefs a good deal faster than they have been doing these three or four hundred years past, it is pretty certain should some veteran Pacific ranger of this year 1866 be permitted to return to earth about thirty thousand years hence, he would look for Crusoe Land in vain, finding only in its present site a patch of white water covering an ugly submerged danger like that which lies at present in the fair way between the island and Cape Horn.

So far as I am informed, there are but four islands in the whole South Pacific of aqueous formation, Juan Fernandez being one; the second, of about the same size, named Nahaia, lying south of Nukahivah, between the Washington and Marquesas islands. The other two are smaller, both members of the Pearl Group, and all three, like Juan Fernandez, gradually diminishing, eaten away by the ever restless ocean, while all their near neighbors of Plutonic, coral or volcanic origin, are widening their area by continual accumulations.

Having the circumstance just now in mind, it is probably a very proper time and place to stop, turn round and correct myself, as well as almost every one else who ever speaks or writes of Crusoe Land. We all say Juan Fernandez. That is unwarrantable, as there is no such island in existence, though three popular geographers tell us of one, and ten thousand teachers all over the civilized world instruct their school brigades in the error.

Certainly it is of no serious importance, a misnomer of the far off Pacific dot—only when we are instructing our youth in geography or anything else, it is better to educate them correctly. Properly, the island and its twin sister lying ninety-five miles to the westward, both in precisely the same parallel of latitude, while that of the 80th of longitude, reckoning from Greenwich, or 8 deg. reckoned from Washington, cuts exactly midway between the two islands—as I was going to remark, the pair of lone Pacific twins are properly called the Islands of Juan Fernandez, just as the Central Archipelago of the Polynesian world are designated as the Mulgrave Islands, Scarborough's Range, Gilbert's Archipelago, Taswell's Islands, De Peyster's Group, and Mitchell's Archipelago, either after the various navigators who discovered them, or some home patron of South Pacific exploration.

Individually, the proper names of the two islands discovered by the Spanish navigator, Juan Fernandez, and named after him, are—the western one, Mas-a-Fuero, and the one made famous by Defoe's pen, as so many years the home of the shipwrecked Scotch sailor, Selkirk—Mas-a-Tierra.

There are several features in regard to these, and two other sister islands in the Pacific, that having escaped the notice of all voyagers and geographers, or at least any mention by them, may prove interesting to the reader.

Six hundred miles due north from the Islands of Juan Fernandez, or rather from a point half way between them, are two other islands, smaller, nearer to each other by fifty miles, barren, uninhabited, and very little known, even to Pacific whalers. These are the islands of St. Felix, both in the latitude of about thirty-six S., the same parallel of longitude cutting exactly midway between them. The western one of these islands, called St. Felix, is of volcanic origin, like Mas-a-Fuera, and is gradually gaining territory of coral construction, while the eastern one, St. Ambrose, is a Plutonic island, with no surrounding coral barriers, and like Mas-a-Tierra; is being cut under and crumbled off by the continual wear of the surf, but more slowly, because in its latitude the Pacific is always a great deal more pacific than it is by times at Crusoe Land; and then the Plutonic flint is a great deal harder to cut away than the aqueous sea walls of Crusoe Land.

It is only to those approaching it from the eastward that Mas-a-Tierra appears like a great modern travelling trunk with rounded top. Approached from the south, it appears like a monstrous sperm whale, head towards you, and lying motionless on the surface. From the westward it looks like an immense wharf, with the nearest side sunk down, nearly submerged, bulged up in the centre, and the ends depressed. In traversing the island it retains a combination of all these appearances, mingled and modified. There are inequalities extending all over the surface; but they are slight—none of the peaks and rugged acclivities common in almost all Pacific islands, and as in all the little valleys the timber is a great deal taller than it is on the rising ground, the inequalities are in a measure hidden to an observer from a distance of a few miles, so that one sees Crusoe Land like a trunk, a wharf or a whale from different points of approach.

On the surface there are few manifestations of the aqueous substructure apparent, the soil being a dark, reddish loam, bearing traces of peroxide of iron, of great depth, and it is only infrequently that the rock material crops out in slight ledges. It is only along all the coast that one finds clearly developed the building material employed in the construction of Mas-a-Tierra.

Small springs of pure, limpid, and very cold water are quite common, and about midway of the island in the north and south direction, but nearest to the western side, there is a fountain of much greater magnitude, bubbling, sparkling and leaping out in many separate jets from fissures at the base of a low ledge of rock, gathering into a common channel and leaping along, singing merrily through its curved lines of beauty, down through a romantic little ravine, receiving on its way reinforcement from several tiny brooklets, so that although its entire length is not above three quarters of a mile, by the time it reaches the shore cliff, down the face of which it dashes in a beautiful snowy cascade, it has become quite a respectable little mill stream.

Mas-a-Tierra has no brambles, briars, or tangled spider-webs of obnoxious vines in the woods, pests and torments so popular in all South American countries, and in the majority of the South Pacific islands. Neither did we find any of the worthless weeds common almost everywhere that civilized man puts his foot and makes his mark. Wherever the timber has been cut away, there springs up a luxuriant growth of what we in general term the English grasses, whether indigenous or introduced by whalers or wood-cutters is a matter of uncertainty. But it is certain that in the almost tropical position and favorable climate, all these grasses grow vigorously, affording abundant and continual pasturage for the numerous goats, and such horned stock as have been bred on the island, while everywhere in the woods, and especially in all the valleys and low grounds, there grows in profusion a plant which seems just about midway between a tolerably good potato and a very good artichoke, having always many tubers to each plant, and upon these mainly the hogs subsist and readily fatten.

There are no native game or wild animals on the island; but their place is liberally supplied with imported stock in the shape of dogs, cats, and rats, who are not in the least wild, ferocious, or unamiable in disposition, living together promiscuously a "happy family" in perfect harmony—so much so that in numerous instances we saw old dogs, puppies, cats, kittens, and rats, all romping and sporting together as if the whole party had been puppies or kittens, instead of natural-born enemies.

For a day or two we wondered how all these canine, feline, and rodent semi-carnivora managed to subsist in the absence of small game and birds; but after observing their particular fondness for a variety of large bluish beetles, and a pale yellow lizard that abound in millions in all the valleys and ravines, productions of which Mr. Defoe has told us nothing, we saw clearly enough why the animals had put off their carniverous and taken on insectivorous habits. They have none of them, however, outlived their ancestral fondness for fish, as we learned at an early day very greatly to our annoyance. In fishing from the shore cliffs one morning, we drew up some twenty-five fine fish in a few minutes, throwing them on the ground behind us, and directly there were scores of dogs, cats, and rats, promiscuously intermingled, snarling, snapping, spitting, squealing and squeaking, rending, tearing, and gorging their raw fish breakfast as ravenously as though they had been, every dog, cat, and rat of them, on starvation allowance for a month. The feast afforded us so much amusement that we treated our four-footed friends to three or four more fish banquets before we began to discover our error. If we had continued the practice a week, I verily believe we should have had every dog, cat, and rat in Crusoe Land permanently and provokingly attached to our train. As it was we were annoyed by a whole army corps, following us everywhere, yelping, whining, purring, and chirping for more fish.

When some of us wondered at the perfect harmony existing among all these animals naturally so antagonistic, our Swedish *savant* who usually settled all abstruse philosophical points to our entire satisfaction without boring or being bored with elaborate arguments, said:

"Mankind only hold on to first habits under all conditions but impossibilities. Were these animals only in intellect human, in all else dogs, cats, and rats, their natural food failing, they would fall upon, rend, and devour each other. But Nature supplying them a new food, they accept it by instinct and are friends."

Only Cator disagreed with the philosopher, and he, I think, only for the sake of putting in his own argument, which was new, if nothing else.

"Nonsense, doctor," Cator said, "it's all owing to the country, climate, and locality. Everything in *Pacific* here, don't you see?"

"How about those savages that Selkirk shot on the beach one day, captain?" Edith asked.

"Or the poor prisoners murdered and barbacued on the sand?" added Senora Minnie.

"Well, ladies, as you know there is not an inch of sand beach about the island except up there at Crusoe's Cove, on which an Indian could run his canoe—as Mas-a-Fuero has not, and never had an Indian on it, and as no canoe loaded with barbarins ever paddled across from Chile, five hundred miles or so, just for the fun of a barbacue, it is very possible that Mr. Defoe made a mistake in inventing those savages, as he did in the matter of the sand beach."

So Cator's suggestions settled Crusoe's Friday and the savages, and their canoe expedition, forever, so far as our belief was concerned. A pity it seemed too, to blot out from the fascinating romance, so favorite an episode, and the faithful Man Friday.

Very few sea fowl of any kind have their haunts about the Islands of Juan Fernandez, and of the land birds, we only saw, I think, five varieties, all small—the largest a pale bluish little pigeon, none of the sorts numerous, and all birds that are common enough along the coast of Chile, from which circumstance we argue that none of the inhabitants of Crusoe Land, of the feathered order, are descended from original indigenous stock, but that their ancestors must have been blown across from the continent in some such storms as had blown us a considerable portion of the way thither.

The most abundant production of Mas-a-Tierra, is the great profusion of most excellent fish that literally swarm in all the salt water circle that surrounds the island. There are above twenty common varieties that bite readily at a baited hook, the majority of them quite equal to any of our Atlantic or North American fresh water fish, and may be caught readily from the cliffs, anywhere around the entire island.

It is seemingly beyond all question that the enterprise of catching and curing, or salting fish for market, might be made to pay liberally on the investment; and the wonder is, that an extensive fishery has not been long since established in Crusoe Land. Possibly the stock might become exhausted after a few years, but that could only be determined by trial.

☞ The Portland Argus says that Captain J. J. Boyd has secured a patent which will make a complete revolution in applying buttons to garments. By this invention buttons can be attached to any part of wearing apparel without the use of thread. The invention consists solely in making the button with a spiral wire to be inserted into the cloth like a corkscrew, and then pressed down flat so as to form a ring to hold the button in place.

☞ Newfoundland, though abounding in game and full of bogs and swamps, has no snakes, toads, frogs, or reptiles of any sort, while in all the neighboring provinces there are plenty of them. That is the place for the Fenians to go to.

☞ During the two months ending May 12, there were, in the city of New York, 22 deaths from starvation, 127 deaths from accidents and negligence, 22 from drunkenness, and 10 suicides.

☞ Grant, as "General," will receive seventeen thousand six hundred dollars per annum.

Legless and Armless.

In the department of the Loire, in France, there is a wonderful mathematician, named Grandmange, who was born without arms or legs. At the age of four he was able to solve ordinary sums in his head; as he grew older his mind became further developed, and he wished to learn to read and write. He was taught the letters in secret, for his father thought that the boy would be less an object of pity if he possessed any instruction; the child, however, succeeded in his determination to learn. He writes a clear, running hand, which he traces readily with a pen held in his mouth, directed by a fleshy appendage which nature has placed on his right shoulder. He answers without written calculations the most difficult arithmetical problems applied to commercial, financial and industrial operations; and recently at Compiegne several members of the university put to him questions so complicated that to solve a single one would take an hour's work, and yet he gave the correct answer almost immediately. Fifteen medals have been awarded him by learned societies.

THE GERMAN DIFFICULTY.—Upon casting up the relative strength of the European nations who are threatening each other with war, it appears that the Austrian empire contains 34,714,320 inhabitants, and 329,293 military men. Prussia has 18,491,220 people, and 743,294 armed men, to which must be added the strength of Italy, which has 400,000 soldiers. These are the armed forces of three nations, and numerous smaller countries will espouse the quarrel on each side. It is estimated that should war begin in Europe, without involving either England, France, Russia or Turkey, there will be still engaged on both sides not less than 2,500,000 soldiers.

MILK.—The authorities of Boston have recently been investigating the milk business in that city, and in one establishment found four large casks of refined whiting, weighing 2,400 pounds. This, mixed with water, made a cheap, but we should say not very good, substitute for milk. We trust that this brand of milk will be confined to Massachusetts and not extend to this neighborhood.

☞ Lately before the Queen's Chamberlain the Sheriff of London came and counted out formally sixty horse-shoe nails. This ancient custom is to be referred to a period when the arithmetical culture requisite in a London Sheriff was that he should be able to count sixty, which was demonstrated to the queen or king as above, before she or he would recognize the city's choice.

☞ In New York they put their old churches to rather queer uses. One has become a sarsaparilla manufactory, another is converted into a livery-stable, quite a number are run as bowling-saloons, and still another has been changed into a theatre!

☞ It is calculated that American families can travel in Europe for twenty-five per cent. less than it costs them to stay at home. Beef is only six-pence sterling a pound in Bremen. Heretofore rich people have gone abroad for pleasure—but unless prices moderate the poor people may eventually have to go abroad for the sake of economy.

☞ To be added to the mysteries of London life and its atrocities, is the recent horrid mania for stealing babies.

☞ Silk dresses, delicately printed by French artists, on violet, green, buff, blue, brown, white and black grounds, are advertised for sale in London at about ten dollars the full dress.

☞ The apple crop will be a large one; the country is brilliant and fragrant with blossoms.

☞ THOUGHTS.—A distinguished author says that every thought a man thinks is a living thing sent off to wander through space. It may be so, but most people's thoughts occupy very little space.

☞ It came out recently in the course of a criminal investigation at the New York Toombs, that there are regular manufactories of *Havana* cigars in that city, the raw material being the commonest and cheapest weed, but so mixed with a chemical compound as to make it difficult to distinguish it from the genuine article. In order the better to impose upon the verdant, these bogus cigars are sold with Government stamps on. What next?

☞ YOUNG BONAPARTE.—The Paris correspondence of the New Orleans Picayune thus speaks of the French Emperor's heir: "He speaks already English, German and French; he is thoroughly drilled as a soldier; he is well trained in the gymnasium; he rides, fences, swims and rows well; he is making good progress in Greek, Latin and the mathematics; he is a tolerable shot with the fowling-piece. His father wisely pays particular attention to the education of the body, which assures that first of earthly blessings—health, which is no inconsiderable step towards the possession of talents."

☞ The first law of female nature, where women are at all good looking, is self-preservation.—*Boston Post.*

☞ "Spiritualism," as it is termed, is spreading in Russia.

☞ Professor L. Agassiz maintains that America is falsely called the New World, being the first dry land lifted out of the waters, and that our shores were the first washed by the ocean that enveloped all the world beside.

☞ The eccentric Lord Holland, of the reign of William III., used to give his horse a weekly concert in a covered gallery specially erected for the purpose. He maintained that it cheered their hearts and improved their temper, and an eye-witness says that "they seemed delighted therewith."

☞ A pert little girl boasted to one of her little friends that her "father kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "*my* father drives an omnibus."

☞ Judging from the appearance of the spring style of gentlemen's coats, the clothing dealers will do a large retailing business next fall. The wearers of the new style appear perfectly satisfied, not one of them has a tale to unfold.

☞ It is, perhaps, not generally known that the French prize of fifty thousand francs, for "the most important application of the voltaic pile to industrious purposes," is open to all nations. Competitor's names will be received at any time within five years from the date of the decree, (April 18) and the claims will be examined by a commission appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction.

☞ An easy way of preserving milk or cream sweet for a long time, or of removing the sourness when it has already come on, is said to be to add to it a small quantity of common soda, pearlash or magnesia.

CROQUET.

Cousins, leave me here a little, go to chicken and Moselle;
Leave me here, and when you want me let them ring the luncheon bell.

'Tis the place, and in the greensward as of old the hoops are stuck,
Where I first met Amy Thornton, and I voted her a "duck."

Amy Thornton! I can see her, with her mallet raised to strike,
And her little foot placed deftly in the attitude I like.

Many a morning when the dew-drops had been chased away by dawn,
Did I look on Amy Thornton moving slowly o'er the lawn.

Many a morn I saw her tresses fairly floating on the wind,
And I blessed her for her *chignon* as it lightly hung behind.

Then about the lawn I wandered, with my Amy "doing spoons,"
And I made a heap of sonnets, full of "loves" and "stars" and "moons."

In the spring the lawn was shaven close as any lawn could be,
In the spring my youthful fancy lightly turned to Amy T.

And I said, "Bewitching Amy, tell me 'mid this croquet play,
Shall we go through life together, as we went through hoops to-day?"

Then she turned with eyes whose splendor seemed to shoot one through and through,
"If I find no richer suitor, why then I'll put up with you."

Many a morn we played together, while my friends did naught but scoff,
Till she played "loose croquet" with me, and began to "take two off."

O my Amy, reptile-hearted, so to put me in a fix,
O the horrid hoops and mallets! O the wretched balls and sticks!

Falser than the falsest partner in the middle of a game,
Missing two hoops in succession, and incensed at bearing blame.

It is well to wish thee happy, croquet games with me were sweet,
Can you love a man whose mallet only hits his clumsy feet?

Yet it shall be. You will lower to the level of his play,
And the distance of your croquets will be lessened day by day.

With my intellectual optics I look scorn upon your game,
Get thee to thy feeble "duffer,"—well he merits such a name.

* * * * * *

Hark, my laughing cousins call me, and I leave the fatal place.
While from lawn and garden slowly fades the faithless Amy's face.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER IV.

Etheredge Court was not a cooped-up grand house, as good Mrs. Davis had imagined, though its small-paned windows had certainly a somewhat prison-like look contrasted with the unpartitioned sheets of glass one sees in more modern mansions. Still there was no lack of inlets through which the golden sun might pour his rays, and if they fell in checkered light upon polished floors, tracing quaint patterns of trefoil, rose; or more fantastic figures, or flickering in diamond-shaped blotches, the effect was perhaps more beautiful than an uninterrupted flood of dazzling brilliancy that wanted contrast to heighten its beauty. Trees of majestic growth waved their thick branches as though to catch the light-winged zephyrs that played among them, and cast deep refreshing shadows athwart the mossy velvet turf as ancient as themselves. There was an air of great repose about the place; even the cawing of the rooks led you to suppose that they had been undisturbed tenants-at-will for centuries. A peacock and his mate gravely strutted along the smooth terrace walk, or perched upon the stone balustrade that bordered it. Several greyhounds wandered lazily up and down in front of the house, and a brisk little terrier, Mr. Etheredge's constant attendant, was taking a nap on the hall mat. But at the sound of carriage-wheels the little terrier became uneasy in his dreams, he slowly pricked up one ear, and half opened one eye, and as the sound came nearer and nearer it appeared to occur to him that he must be on the look-out, so he opened the other eye, stretched himself leisurely, rose, shook his head, and then composed himself into an attitude of easy watchfulness. It was not in accordance with the time and place for the terrier to testify his sense of an interruption by any undignified demonstration. He was evidently a dog of taste and understanding, with an appreciation of harmonies, and though he felt it his duty to be at his post, and to keep his quick bright eyes wide open to whatever might happen, he also recognized that it would be out of keeping to show that he was alive to what was passing by any series of short quick barks, or unnecessary rushing hither and thither to attract attention to the fact that carriage-wheels were plainly to be heard approaching. He watched the carriage as it drove up, his head resting on his forepaws, his ears erect, and his eyes glistening, and, save for a gentle wagging of his tail, might have been the stuffed skin of some former favorite. But he was a sagacious animal, one who understood his epoch and watched his opportunities, and no sooner was the hand of the servant on the carriage-door, than Snap was on his legs, and in an instant more was greeting his master with every demonstration of joy.

"Good old fellow," said Mr. Etheredge.

"That dreadful dog still here," observed Mrs. Braddick faintly.

"How 'oo do, Snap?" said little Charley, putting his arms round Snap's neck, and kissing the tip of his nose.

"We do not kiss dogs, Charley," said his mamma.

"Charley does," said Charley decidedly.

"You will have enough to do, Miss Linden, to put a stop to many absurdities these children have fallen into," said Mrs. Braddick, turning to Adriana; but Adriana was caressing the dog herself, and Mrs. Braddick felt a twinge of the repulsion that Adriana had experienced, and inwardly asked herself whether she had made wise choice of a governess.

However, the inward interrogation was no sooner made than dismissed, for Mrs. Braddick by no means allowed herself to be the victim of mental activity, and perplexing queries with her soon died away.

It was not long before the party was comfortably settled, and Adriana was well satisfied with the rooms assigned to her and her little charges.

"Pearl and Charley will show you over the house and grounds, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge, "they are quite at home here."

"I dare say you will wonder at such a name as Pearl for a little girl," interposed Mrs. Braddick; "it is one of her papa's ridiculous fancies. Her real name is Margarita, which is, I think, pretty enough, but he wanted some pet name. He suggested Meg, or Madge, or Maggie, but of course I could not consent to any of them, they are so exceedingly common. Then he said a bright idea had struck him, she should be either Pearl or Daisy; I did not see anything very bright in it,—do you?" but as Mrs. Braddick made no pause, Adriana did not feel called upon to give an answer. "Therefore," continued Mrs. Braddick, "I chose Pearl, if it must be anything, as of course pearls are better than daisies; but I never really got accustomed to the name until Mr. Braddick gave me a magnificent set of pearls to inaugurate it, he said; and since then I've had a pleasant association with it, and always think of the two together. I must show you my pearls some time, Miss Linden."

"I will back my little Pearl against the ornaments," said Mr. Etheredge. "Come here, Pearl; which shall mamma give me, you or her brooches and bracelets?"

Pearl laughed.

"You would like me best, because I could pour out your coffee in the morning; but papa could not spare me."

"So you think you would be more useful than bracelets and necklaces; but don't you know I could sell them, and get a great deal of money for them?"

"But you have enough money, you don't want any more."

"That is a doubtful proposition. But on the whole you think a Pearl that can laugh, and talk, and pour out coffee, a much more desirable acquisition than one that the divers have stolen from the mermaids, among ocean caves and coral rocks deep down under the dark blue sea?"

"Really, Richard, I wish you would not talk such nonsense to the child," said Mrs. Braddick; what with you and her papa I don't see how I shall be ever able to make a sensible woman of Pearl."

Adriana gave one of the furtive glances in the direction of Mr. Etheredge, and was disconcerted to find that their eyes met. She looked steadfastly down at the carpet, where she could not, however, discover Mr. Etheredge's sentiments as to Mrs. Braddick's capabilities for training children into sensible women.

"Why need women be made sensible? let them be natural," said Mr. Etheredge, turning to leave the room. "Are they ever sensible?" he added, in what was intended to be a *sotto voce*, but it reached Adriana's quick ear, and a fresh barrier was raised against him.

"My husband and his brother have some very odd ideas, quite at variance with mine. They have a positive admiration for women who are not sensible."

Adriana could quite imagine it, at any rate, of Mr. Braddick, so she answered "Yes," as confirmatory of Mrs. Braddick's assertion.

"It is a subject Mr. Braddick and I continually disagree upon. He says, let children grow up naturally. Now what bears children would turn out if they did. Besides, people with natural manners are so exceedingly unpleasant, they are always saying something disagreeable. Then they are called frank and unaffected. For my part I dislike a natural manner; I have always avoided it."

Again Adriana replied by a confirmatory "Yes," which was again successful, and Mrs. Braddick, warming with the subject in which she believed herself to be appreciated, continued:

"I strongly disapprove of children being allowed to have any opinion of their own: give them a sensible code that will be right and proper for them to keep to through life, and let them keep to it; mould them after a proper pattern. But all my endeavors are frustrated by Mr. Braddick and his brother, who have, as I have already mentioned, peculiar views. I trust I shall find an ally in you, Miss Linden, and I hope you will be able to manage the children, for they are quite beyond me. I fear sometimes that they are hopeless."

"I trust not."

Pearl had disappeared with her uncle, and Adriana went to the nursery to look for Charley, but the nurse having taken him out for a walk, she bent her steps to the school-room. On her way thither she passed the library; she had never been in this room, it being generally occupied by Mr. Etheredge. The door was slightly ajar, and the ranges of books looked tempting, and Adriana decided that this would be an excellent time to take advantage of Mr. Etheredge's offer of making a selection from them.

The library was a long narrow room, the walls lined with books, excepting here and there, where portraits were hung; but of these Adriana took little notice, and was soon absorbed in the difficult task of choosing, from so many volumes, which she should read first. One was taken up, then laid aside for another, which in its turn gave way to a third that she had long wished to see, and so she went on until it seemed doubtful whether she could make any choice at all.

A feeling of hopelessness came over her—how much there was to know, to learn, how little time wherein to acquire it. Was there after all any use in knowledge—would it benefit hereafter? In that hereafter might it not come as a flash upon the emancipated spirit, a sudden revelation of all past knowledge as a preparation to a further development of which she had now no conception. Ah, but the mind was unsatisfied until then; till then it must be fed, and must feed others dependent upon it, absorbing and giving forth, a link connecting the past with the present, yea, carrying it on to the future—mind revealing itself to mind, a spring setting itself in motion that should never cease. She, too, formed a link; her actions would have their influence on the future:—the pebble dropped in the pool sinks out of sight and is lost, but the circles it has made widen and widen, and act as an impulse to some object, that in its turn acts upon another; and so the action, once put in motion, is carried on indefinitely. So might she, though blotted out of existence, still live by thought or action, carried on through weaker or more powerful mediums as the case might be—the immaterial more powerful than the material, mind over matter triumphant, asserting itself throughout all ages.

In the midst of these speculations Adriana looked up; the sun was streaming through one of the deep bay-windows, bringing out into vivid relief from the dark objects by which it was surrounded a full-length portrait; life-like, it seemed to stand forth, with half sorrowful eyes fixed on Adriana. With a faint cry of surprise she started from her kneeling position, leaving the books scattered on the ground. She moved towards it, stood eagerly gazing at it. It was a face she had known well in years gone by. How came it there? Was it merely a strange coincidence? There had been such likenesses of man to man before; and yet the resemblance was so perfect, even to the half-sorrowful expression of the eyes, that seemed looking at her just as they used to do. Her color went and came. She thought she had outlived the past in the last seven long years; she imagined she had forgotten sufficiently to meet Charles Cunningham without one quickened throb of her pulse, and now a picture had unnerved her.

In her absorption she had not noticed that Mr. Etheredge had entered, and was observing her so intently as she was gazing at the picture.

"Have you been able to find any books you care about, Miss Linden?"

"No—yes," said Adriana, turning quickly, from the picture, and wondering how long Mr. Etheredge had been in the room. He stooped to pick up the books that were lying on the floor.

"You will not think me very careful with books, Mr. Etheredge."

"They don't seem much injured at present," returned he. "Which will you have?"

"This one, thank you," said Adriana, mechanically taking the one he held out to her.

"Don you usually read the last volume first?" asked he, laughing.

"No, I did not see. I will take the other."

"But this is another work altogether."

Adriana looked bewildered, but recovering herself, and determined to satisfy herself as to the portrait that had affected her so deeply, said, with as much carelessness as she could assume:

"I am very fond of paintings, Mr. Etheredge, and you have some very good ones here."

"Yes: likenesses of members of the family and of particular friends."

Adriana's heart gave a great leap, but she answered:

"It must be pleasant to have them always near, reminding you of the absent."

"Pleasant and not pleasant, Miss Linden; years steal on, and the pictures partially lose their resemblances, or carry one back with a weary longing for the dreamy past till the day vision comes to an abrupt termination with a sense of the present, and how the world is slipping away from us. This is the portrait of my mother, taken just before her first marriage; you will see her this evening, and wonder how that waving chestnut hair and that laughing face ever belonged to the old lady with silver locks and quiet eyes. "This," said Mr. Etheredge, pausing before the one at which Adriana had been gazing, and fixing a scrutinizing glance upon her, "is my half-brother, Mr. Braddick."

Adriana's eyes were bent on the picture; her hearing was strained to the utmost to catch the name; she felt an effort was required to hear Mr. Etheredge's voice, which seemed to her dying away in the distance. She longed yet dreaded to hear what he was going to say.

"Mr. Braddick!" She felt an indescribable sense of relief, and her next feeling was that of contempt at her own weakness, her own folly in absurdly imagining that she had met with a portrait of Charles Cunningham at Etheredge Court.

She took up the books, but in spite of her endeavors, her hands trembled, and one of them dropped.

Mr. Etheredge quietly and without remark placed it again in her hands, and she went away.

CHAPTER V.

When Adriana descended to the drawing-room before dinner, she found Mrs. Braddick, dressed with more than usual care, conversing with a stately old lady in soft grey silk. She had the silver hair and quiet eyes that Mr. Etheredge had spoken of, so Adriana had no doubt as to her identity.

"This is Miss Linden, mother," said Mr. Etheredge, as Adriana advanced; "my mother—Mrs. Cunningham—Miss Linden."

Adriana's self-possession nearly vanished: she had been divesting her mind of one coincidence, and blaming her own credulity, and here was evidence carrying her conclusions in an entirely opposite direction to her late verdict. She was altogether unprepared for a second surprise, and her white lips trembled, despite her compression of them as she bowed. Where was she? Who were these people? Then a sudden light flashed upon her: she understood it all; how could she have been so dull? the boy's name, the indescribable attraction that had won her heart at once. Even her intuitive feeling of repulsion to Mrs. Braddick was accounted for; they were as strange magnetic influences still linking her with Charles Cunningham.

Was it mere chance that had brought her hither? Chance? pooh!—was there such a thing? was it not wheel within wheel making up the complicated machinery of life? Why should she disarrange it? The drama of life had to be played out, why should she spoil one of its scenes by bad acting? No, she did not understand the plot, she only knew she was an accessary, and must wait for the rising of the curtain, that act after act might develope what the end should be.

Things might take their course; at anyrate, her secret was her own. How she longed for the quiet of her own room, that she might have time to think, to decide. But the weary ordeal of a formal dinner had to be gone through, with stilted common-places for the benefit of the attendants. Adriana took whatever was brought to her, and it was removed almost untasted. Mrs. Braddick's conversation flowed on monotonously as usual; she had Mrs. Cunningham for a listener, so did not notice Adriana. Mrs. Cunningham mentally commented that her daughter-in-law might have chosen a more lively person to be with the children; whilst Mr. Etheredge alone speculated upon the sudden change that had come over Miss Linden. However, the longest dinner must come to an end, and the appearance of Pearl and Charley at dessert in honor of grandmamma's arrival was hailed by Adriana as a seasonable diversion.

She did not return to the drawing-room that night, but gaining her own room, locked the door.

For some time she sat with her hands pressed tightly over her forehead, as if endeavoring to collect the thoughts that were wandering hither and thither. She felt in a waking dream; was she awake or asleep? What an age it seemed since morning! She might have been in a fever; the words that she had heard might have been only delirious fancies; there might be no reality in them. Etheredge Court and the Braddicks had nothing whatever to do with Charles Cunningham.

Pearl—a new thought crossed her mind, she opened the old writing-case, and on the slip of paper inside an envelope found that the name of Charles Cunningham's wife had been Margaret Armytage. The slip of paper seemed to bring up old memories. "It is all true," said she. Then she reflected on the strange position in which she had been placed. To what end? For some purpose surely. Should she retreat? Was not that her safer, truer plan? Possibly; but she disdained it. Flashing up into her mind came angry and bitter thoughts of revenge.

Her life had been ruined: what did he care? She knew not, she cared not, but should she submit quietly to be trampled down without one struggle? No. She looked into the mirror, as she had once looked before, long and earnestly. Excitement had brought a strange lustre into her hazel eyes and a crimson glow upon her cheeks, the fair hair waved like golden ripples—that golden hair, not sickly flaxen, but soft, shining yellow, here and there assuming even a warmer tinge, that made the invidious describe it as red. But it was not red; it was that rare shade sometimes depicted by the old masters, that when the sun's rays fell upon it, seemed almost to shed a halo around her head. She loosed the comb that gathered it up, and shook it down over her shoulders. Earnestly, more earnestly, she gazed in the glass before her, her wild eager eyes meeting the wild reflection till the image seemed living, real as herself, and like some mocking spirit to answer her.

She started back half affrighted; was it herself she had seen? she almost feared to look again; she cast a hurried glance at the mirror, and a pale timid glance in answer to her inquiry reassured her. More calmly she scrutinized the picture, critically, carefully. There was nothing remarkable in the beauty of it: a figure not diminutive, nor precisely insignificant, still, not to be compared with the majestic form of Mrs. Braddick, neither would the face for regularity bear comparison with hers; the large hazel eyes with their dark lashes, and the magnificent golden hair, were redeeming points, and the consciousness of intellect gave a life that was wanting in the statuesque Mrs. Braddick.

"Mr. Braddick and his brother have a positive admiration for women who are not sensible." The words were ringing in Adriana's ears. Not always; there was a time when it was otherwise, might it not be so again? Could she not rival the dull inanimate beauty of Mrs. Braddick. Yet how had Mrs. Braddick injured her, that she should wreak her vengeance upon her? She did not wish to injure her; she did but wish for one single moment of triumph to repay her for long embittered years; one moment's triumph, yes, but one gleam, and she would quit Etheredge Court for ever.

And with vain sophistry she sought to cheat herself. No. She in her heart disapproved the deed; but stronger rose the demon of revenge, stronger arose the wounded feelings of years, the remembrance of weary nights, of weary days, the overshadowed landscape of the past, with all its pitiless storms and clouded sunshine.

"His children will love me better than their mother!"

And the scornful lips smiled triumphantly, and the pythoness eyes again meeting the eyes in the mirror, again shrank back as though they had encountered a mocking demon.

And Adriana lay down to rest, and, strange as it may appear, slept calmly, tranquilly,—no weary tossings to and fro, no broken slumbers, no startling visions. So it often happens: the mind, thoroughly exhausted, has no further strength wherewith to torment itself, and the reaction almost amounts to lethargy.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

BY JOHN CLARE.

I love thee, sweet Mary, but love thee in fear;
Were I but the morning breeze, healthy and airy,
As thou goest a-walking I'd breathe in thine ear,
And whisper and sigh how I love thee,
My Mary!

I wish but to touch thee, but wish it in vain;
Wert thou but a streamlet a-winding so clearly,
And I little globules of soft dropping rain,
How fond would I press thy white bosom,
My Mary!

I would steal a kiss, but I dare not presume;
Wert thou but a rose in thy garden, sweet fairy,
And I a bold bee for to rifle its bloom,
A whole summer's day would I kiss thee,
My Mary!

I long to be with thee, but cannot tell how;
Wert thou but the elder that grows by my dairy,
And I the blest woodbine to twine on the bough,
I'd embrace thee and cling to thee ever,
My Mary!

Miss Burdett Coutts.

Anna Cora Ritchie, in a letter from London, says, "The faded beauties who cling to their vanished charms have taken great interest in the sudden rejuvenation of Miss Burdett Coutts, under the hands of the wonderful 'restorer,' Madam Rachel. Miss Coutts, it is said, had to pay £400 before she commenced the baths with which the process of rejuvenation begins. After going through the regular course of treatment, Miss Coutts dawned upon the fashionable world with the 'layers of some twenty birthdays' rolled off from her person. Her hair not dyed, but restored, and growing anew; her defective complexion clear and soft—the lines which tell such tales of the workings of the human heart and human brain smoothed out, and the impress of time suddenly effaced from her general appearance."

French Marriages.

A correspondent of the Evening Gazette, writing from Paris, gives us a view of French marriages somewhat different from one we recently published:—

"French marriage ought to interest us from its novelty; it is so entirely different from everything with which we are familiar. The interested marriages in America are accompanied with love, at least on one side. The heiress loves the fortune-hunter to whom she gives her hand; the maiden is loved by the rich man who purchases her consent. In America it never is a cold, commercial bargain; it is always leavened with love.

"It is absolutely different here. People contribute lace, cashmere shawls, horses, houses, carriages, public securities, railway bonds, promissory notes—everything but love, to marriage. Nobody ever thinks of inquiring on the subject of love. The investigations made begin and end with the real and personal estate. Acquaintance itself is disregarded if the real and personal estate are satisfactory. They think here the parties have all their life before them to become acquainted. As notaries occupy in business very much the same position that priests do in religion, being the business confessors of everybody, most marriages are negotiated by the notaries. You have a marriageable daughter. You go to him and tell him you wish a husband. You say what you will give her on her marriage, what linen she has, (a wife is commonly expected to bring her husband linen enough to last a lifetime) and what money she will receive on your death. You further inform him what money you require from her husband, and the form of contract you wish; shall the wife's whole estate be secured to her, or shall the husband's and wife's estate go to the survivor, or shall they hold both estates in common? The notary examines his clients to see if any of them have a son likely to suit your conditions. If he has none, he makes inquiries of other notaries until at last Coelebs is discovered. He is introduced to the father-in-law *in futuro*—if he suits, he is soon introduced to the daughter; in a fortnight they are married. You see it is entirely a matter of dollars and cents. The heart has no vote in the debate. Can you wonder that so many husbands and wives are separated, and that conjugal infidelity is so common here?

"This abominable system and the passion for display which now fevers all classes in France, are ruining the women of this country. I detect a sensible change in the women here during my residence. They are colder, more heartless, physically weaker than they were twenty years ago. I thought it might be a mere fancy on my part, but the investigations on the subject which I have made show that the medical profession are unanimously agreed on this subject. They declare the French women are degenerating. They are losing the feminine character entirely. They are becoming nervous creatures, to whom excitement is indispensable, and who, consequently, loathe everything like domestic and quiet.

"Women, in this country, take a much more active part in the husband's affairs than they do with you. This is one reason why French trade is so inferior. A woman cannot be taught business. Their superficial minds are arrested by the trifles of trade and cannot penetrate its essence. Observe widows who manage their departed husbands' estate; is it possible to introduce greater stupidity and obstinacy into transactions?" [Of course we do not endorse this awful heresy!—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

"This is the cry of rapture which a distinguished French writer, M. Taine, raises after contemplation of the young ladies of England: 'Nothing more simple than the young girls; among lovely things there are few so lovely in the world; well-shaped, strong, sure of themselves, so thoroughly sound and open, so exempt from coquetry. Impossible unless one has seen it to imagine this freshness, this innocence. Many of them are flowers—flowers just bursting into bloom; only the morning rose with its pure and delightful tints, with its petals studded with dewdrops, can give an idea of it; far in advance this of the beauty of the South, with its distinct, finished, fixed outlines, constituting a definite design; here all reminds us of the fragility, delicacy, and continual flow of life; eyes full of candor, blue as violets, looking without consciousness of what they are looking at; at the slightest emotion the blood diffusing itself over the cheeks, the neck, even down to the shoulders, in purple-tinted waves; you see emotions flitting on these transparent flushes like the varying tints that play upon their meadows; and this virgin purity is so genuine that you feel an impulse to lower your eyes in respect. And yet, all natural and artless as they are, they are not languid and listless: they enjoy and can bear active service like their brothers; with their hair floating in the wind, they are to be seen, when only six years only, galloping on horseback, and taking long walks. In this country, a life of action fortifies the phlegmatic temperament, and the heart becomes more simple while the body is becoming more sound.'"

London Studios.

Several of the London studios are in themselves so extremely picturesque that the mere sight of their interiors are worth the trouble of the visit. Artists generally select houses in the suburban parts of London where there is space for building out additional rooms; and in these alterations, of course, they display their taste in arrangement. I may describe one house, which I expect was originally not much more than a small villa, but it has grown into one of the most charming residences you could picture to yourself. It is full of old oak cabinets, Persian carpets, quaint China, Venetian glass and beautiful flowers. The proper arrangement of form and color has been carried out to perfection. The rooms themselves, divested of the graceful accessories, were absolutely of mean proportion, but with a red velvet curtain, here a vase of flowers, a little painted glass, and a few luxurious couches, and plenty of books, they were transformed into a "pleasure house for the soul," where one might learn to study art and love the beautiful. Three rooms, which were *en suite*, led on to the studio itself, a large and picturesque apartment with an arched roof. Here, of course, were the paintings we came to see—delicious woodland scenes from Fontainebleau and Sherwood.—*Mayfair.*

THE RUSSIAN METHOD.—American farmers may learn from Russian serfs how to store their corn in safety. In Russia, a pit is dug in the ground, in a well drained place, and the sides hardened by long exposure to fire. Before the grain is introduced, straw is ignited in the pit to purify and dry the air. The grain is thrown in and packed close. It is said to have been preserved in this way for forty years without deterioration.

OLD FOLKS.

Ah, don't be sorrowful, darling,
And don't be sorrowful, pray;
Taking the world together, my dear,
There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves they heavily run,
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling,
Our heads are growing gray,
But taking the year all round, my dear,
You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night, as well as of day;
We feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way—

Ah, God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim—
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

MAJOR HERVEY'S WEDDING;

OR,

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

"So the colonel's daughter has come, and is, they say, stunning."

"Trust you to find out a pretty girl, Vivian," laughed a brother soldier. "Now I've seen her too, and I don't agree with you; she's too white and lackadaisical for stunning to express. Stunning, as I take it, means a jolly, larky, don't-care, sort of girl, who'll dance you down in the *deux temps*, ride you down in the hunting-field, and box your ears, if you are impertinent."

"That's the sort of girl you cultivate in Yorkshire," said a handsome, light-haired man, whose half-closed eyes and down drooping moustache were quite in character with his languid drawl, and loose, lazy motion of his limbs. "When we were quartered in York, I was nearly married by one of your stunning girls; and only escaped by running away with a girl from a boarding-school. Fact, I assure you. She and I struck up an acquaintance at a Christian propagation meeting. They have meetings very often in York—a lot of parsons talk, and a lot of old women and boarding-schools come to listen. I went for a lark, and got sold. The girl was lovely. She—— By Jove! who's that?" He was sitting by the open window, and past it a party were riding.

"Beatrice Meynell!" said Vivian; "the very girl we've been talking of."

"By Jove!" repeated the fair man, a crimson tide of color rushing to his face. The other stared.

"Well, what's up, Carter? Going to have a fit of apoplexy? or struck with love at first sight?"

But Carter did not seem to see the joke. He neither answered nor laughed. The flush passed away again, leaving him pale as a ghost, and rising, he stammered—

"I'm out of sorts; that champagne, Croft gave us, poisoned me. I'll turn in to the mess and get some brandy. No, no, Topham, stay there. I am all right; only shaky." And waving Mr. Topham back he walked off, leaving the men he had been talking to looking after him gloomily enough, for in an Indian climate death dogs a man like his shadow; and any unusual signs hoisted by Dame Nature are apt to beget a proportionate amount of apprehension.

"He lives too hard," said Topham. "Poor fellow! No man could last at the pace. He'd much better go in for leave, and cut this beastly country, or it'll give him what it's given many a good fellow, six foot of landed property."

"Nonsense! he's as strong as you are. Take a couple of pipes off him, and he'll be as steady as a judge. I don't know what you fellows are going to do; I'll go and leave a card at the chief's."

The others laughed; and Mr. Topham, putting his arm through Vivian's, said—

"All right; a fair start and no favor. Come along, old boy. She sits her horse like a brick, in spite of her die-away face."

There was a poor gathering that evening at mess. A dinner at the colonel's thinned their ranks, and Carter was reported to be ailing, some one added, "A touch of fever," which turned out to be the case, for the doctor, being called away, came back in about half an hour, and, with a grave face, announced the adjutant decidedly ill, and just in a way that might become dangerous, or even worse, at any moment. Carter was a popular man; and a gloom settled down upon those who heard the sad news, two or three going to the door of his quarters with the doctor and waiting there for another report. This, unhappily, was worse. Delirium had come on; the poor fellow was raving, and death was fighting for his prey.

"Run over and ask the colonel to come and take charge of his papers," whispered the doctor to one of the men; "he won't last six hours."

The colonel came and sealed up some letters lying about, placed them in a desk, the key of which he put in his pocket.

"Is there no hope, doctor?" he asked, looking at Carter, who was lying, muttering incessantly, shuddering, and clutching with his hands.

"I never say that, sir," said Dr. Lewis; "but I am afraid to hope here."

"Poor young fellow!" and the colonel laid his hand on the sick man's burning forehead. "A fine, young, soldier-like man, too; only one who knew his work. A more infernal set of bunglers I never came across. Poor lad! poor lad!"

The colonel took his departure; but in crossing the compound bethought him, that these same bunglers might not know the funeral service; so, stopping a soldier, he sent him for the sergeant on duty, and ordered the men to be told off for funeral parade.

The man hesitated.

"Well, what is it?" asked the colonel, impatiently. "Don't they know their work?"

"Well, sir, I am afraid—"

"D— your afraid," growled his commanding officer. "Call them out now and parade them, drums and fifes, too. By Jove! I'll teach them know their duty before I've done with them," and the colonel walked home and turned in, pretty considerably "riled," as our Yankee friends would say.

Meantime the fever had worn itself out; and the sick man was lying prostrate, exhausted, and with a weak, fluttering pulse, just tottering upon the brink of that bourne from which no traveller returns.

The night was like most nights in the hot season, intensely still, the sulky growl of a Pariah dog now and then only breaking the silence.

The doctor had taken off his coat, and opened every available aperture to let in air; the punkas were moving steadily, but noiselessly, and Carter lay stretched on his back, his face pallid and drawn, his eyes closed, and no sound of life issuing from his parched lips.

Suddenly, shrill and inexpressibly sad, the notes of the funeral march rang out on the still air, rising, falling, note by note, in solemn measure.

"For a while no change came over Carter's face, no symptom that the sound had reached his ears; and, after watching for a few seconds, the doctor drew back, fully impressed with the conviction that death was there at last, and he was turning away, when a bright idea struck him. If he could only excite the sinking pulse, and induce nature to exert herself, she might yet have a tussle with Death, so, going up to the bed, he said, cheerily—

"D'ye hear the music, Carter, old boy?"

Carter's eyes opened, but with such a weak, perplexed look in them that the doctor, thinking delirium was returning, half regretted his experiment; still he was in for it, and went boldly on.

"It's your funeral they're parading for, Dick; sure, if you don't make an effort, they'll bury you in spite of me. The colonel was here just now, and took leave of you. Indeed now, you must rouse up and turn the tables on the old fool; he's given us check enough since he joined."

The expression on the sick man's face changed, a faint smile quivered across his lips, followed by a look of inexpressible relief.

"I thought it was all over," he whispered, almost inaudibly; "but we'll cheat them yet."

And sure enough he did.

"What hour did the adjutant go off?" asked the colonel, in a subdued voice, as Vivian sauntered in to early tea.

"He began to mend at midnight, sir, and was sitting up walking into cold chicken and sherry, when I left him, ten minutes since. It's not often a man can say he's listened to his own funeral parade."

Then there was plenty of laughing, and the colonel was the only one who did not relish the joke, and heartily glad was he when Carter applied for leave to go to England, sending up his requisition with a strong recommendation; for he hoped that by thus getting rid of the principal actor, he might banish the story from men's mouths.

Carter never showed his face out of his quarters until he got into his palanquin, to be conveyed away "on furlough."

"You've left us without a sight of the Beauty," sighed Vivian, who, according to his wont, had been going through the various phases of love fever, and had just then reached its zenith. "She's perfect, and quite interested in you!"

"The devil she is!" gasped Carter. "Bearer, go on. Good-bye, old fellows, God bless you all. You won't catch me among jungles and jonpons again in a hurry. Hurrah for old England! may we all meet there soon."

"Good-bye, good luck to you! and three cheers for old England, God bless her!" cried several voices. So with kind words, ringing cheers, and no small amount of envy, Dick Carter turned his face away from Meerut, devoutly hoping he might never hear more of his life there than was pleasant.

CHAPTER II.

There was a dinner party at the resident magistrate's that night, and of course the colonel and his daughter were there, the latter the centre of attraction. Vivian, who had, according to his own mind, been making some progress with the pale, quiet beauty, was thrown into despair; a brother of the judge's wife, a certain Major Hervey, had just returned to India after a long leave, and had taken Meerut on his way to the headquarters of his regiment. Hervey was one of those modern Crichtons one meets with now and then, perfect, or as nearly perfect as human nature can be, in everything he undertook. A hero in the service, irresistible, so gossip affirmed, in the drawing-room, a dead shot in the jungle, well read and accomplished, good-looking and rich. What would you have more? With all these things one might conclude Hervey's a happy lot, but there is no life without its alloy. Hervey had been touched in the most vulnerable point, he had married, but the marriage had been unfortunate, and after three years' separation, he had gone home just in time to stand by the unhappy woman's death-bed, and forgive her the wrong she had done him; one child only she left, and this boy he had brought out to India, to share his sister's nursery.

When Beatrice Meynell reached the station, Mrs. Masters at once settled that she was the very wife for her brother, and never rested until she had secured the girl's friendship, interesting her as much as possible in her brother, by telling, with all a sister's prejudice, the sad story of his marriage.

Indian society is much more of a family sort than English, and the most private affairs soon leak out; so it was well known in the station that Beatrice was booked for Major Hervey. Much speculation was afloat; and when they met in the judge's drawing-room, many eyes watched them with no small amount of envy.

"Do you like India, Miss Meynell?" asked Hervey, when, the introduction having been made, he took a vacant chair by her side.

"Not yet," was the answer, and the sad eyes rose to meet his, with a world of feeling lying hid in their brown depths, feeling totally separate and unconnected with the words that were spoken almost mechanically. Eyes that were full of unshed tears, and hid themselves away under their long thick veil of lashes, as if afraid lest they might betray some secret. They had a strange effect upon Hervey as he looked back into them, and he scarcely heard the commonplace answer the lips gave to his common-place question. "Not yet, but I may do so. It is so different, and I led such a quiet, lonely life in England."

"Do you ride?"

"Oh, yes! it is the only thing I care for," and there came a faint flush over her face. "But I do not think riding along what you call the Mall worth mounting for."

"You like going across country, perhaps?"

The major looked at the slender wrists, and wondered what power they could exercise over a bridle; as he looked, he was conscious that a deep crimson rushed over the girl's face, and that her eyes fixed themselves on him with an expression of intense fear. He was interested and perplexed, he scarcely knew whether agreeably or not, and in the middle of his agitation she asked—

"Are you fond of hunting, Major Hervey?"

"Very; it is one of the many hardships of soldiering out here, that we have no such glorious sport."

"Have you ever hunted in Yorkshire?"

"No; I do not know Yorkshire at all. Gloucester is my county, and the duke's hounds saw my training. But if you don't like the Mall, why don't you ride early, and have a gallop into the country?"

"So I do, when papa will go."

And the colonel, coming up at this juncture, said,—

"I wish you'd do duty for me, Hervey; riding at her pace don't suit my old bones."

"I shall be delighted, if Miss Meynell will accept my escort."

Beatrice bowed. Vivian, who was looking on, aware she blushed, and went off to the other end of the room to offer Captain Batchelor ten to two that Hervey married Beatrice in a month. By which it will be seen that Mr. Vivian's matrimonial hopes being on the decline, he was willing to make a compromise with his heart, and if he could not win a wife, at least win something.

The dinner-party on the whole was a success. Beatrice had talked more than usual, and Hervey had scarcely left her side all the evening, so that there was some excuse for Mrs. Masters' triumph. When she and her brother were alone, she asked—

"How do you like Beatrice, Charley?"

"I don't know,"

"Don't know!" she exclaimed. "Why you flirted with her all night. You surely can tell me if you like her?"

"She is a very peculiar girl," he answered, dreamily.

"Surely you think her pretty?"

"Oh! yes, more; beautiful, I think; what is her story?"

"Story!" laughed Mrs. Masters, "story, 'sir, God bless you, I've none to tell;' what story can a girl of eighteen, never out of a schoolroom, have? What strange fancies you men take!"

"Maybe," replied Hervey, dryly; "but that does not alter the case. Miss Meynell has a story, and a painful one, too."

"How absurd you are, Charley! Now here have I been moving heaven and earth to bring you and Beatrice together; and directly you meet you take it into your head that she has done something dreadful."

"I did not say so, Mary."

"Well, then, suffered something?"

"Not that, either; you see you think with me, for you've hit upon the very idea that came into my head when I looked into those marvellous eyes of hers—you've given form to my very thoughts. Don't be vexed, dear; I am puzzled by her. I like her; and what's more, I'll either fall madly in love with her, or else I'll— But never mind, now; good-night; don't tell your good man what I've said—two heads are enough. I'll know in forty-eight hours which way the stream will run, and if I say I am going, you'll know how I feel. If I stay, I'll trust to you to help me."

With which arrangement Mrs. Masters was fain to be content. In two days her brother came to her—

"Mary, will you put me up for a month?"

"Of course I will. Oh! I am so glad; I've hardly dared to move, in case I bothered you, or came in your way. And so it's all right, and Beatrice will have you?"

Hervey smiled.

"I've not asked her yet; but I'll have her if I can get her."

"Story and all?" said Mrs. Masters, mischievously. A dark frown, followed by a look of pain, came over Hervey's face.

"Don't say that again, Mary; or hint at such a thing. I was a fool to say it to you; a fool to let such absurd suspicions enter my head; and I'd be worse than a fool if I suffered any such childish fancy to come between me and such an angel as she is."

But, in spite of Major Hervey's assertions, he did think of his first impression; and, in very dread lest he should be tempted to give way in any greater degree to what he told himself was a cruel and unwarrantable prejudice, he strenuously avoided any reference to her life in England.

In spite of the approval of the colonel and Beatrice's aunt, the major's wooing made but slow progress. Beatrice was inexplicable. Every now and then she would brighten up, and Hervey for a brief hour or two would think himself in the ante-chamber of Paradise itself; then a change would come, and she would shrink back, as if afraid of trusting herself or her happiness. Again and again she refused to marry him, and again and again, growing desperate, he begged her to tell him her reason, until, worn out by his passion and the expostulations of her father and aunt, she at length consented to become his wife.

Anxious to rouse Beatrice, Hervey had exerted himself to make the wedding a gala day for the station; he had consulted her in all his arrangements and plans, and only seemed to live to give her pleasure and homage; but still there was the old, sad, frightened look, and sometimes, even, he fancied it grew more intense; so that, bright and joyous as the wedding-day was to others, many wondering looks were cast upon the pale, mournful bride—looks which could not escape Hervey's notice, and roused a feeling almost approaching to anger against her he had won, in spite of herself.

The mail came in as the wedding party were assembled at breakfast; and bringing three or four letters to Beatrice, her aunt laughingly advised her to read them before leaving, as she had no right to call herself "miss" when she started life as a married woman. But Beatrice thrust them into her pocket, saying she would read them on the journey, which, having to be accomplished by palanquin, was necessarily a lonely one.

And in about two hours, the preparations for the journey being complete, Beatrice was placed in her palanquin. Hervey got into his, and they started for a bungalow about seven miles away.

Evening is but a short period in India; night follows day at a rapid pace; and almost immediately after a gorgeous sunset, darkness fell upon the face of the earth, and the flaring torches, carried by the bearers, were all that lit the road.

Inside Beatrice's palanquin was an oil lamp; and by the light of this she took out her letters. The first was from a school friend, and she put that aside; the second was like unto it, and this, too, might wait; the third lay with its seal up; she turned it over, and a sudden spasm contracted her hand. "Oh! my God! too late!"

For a long long time she lay there, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the well-known writing, though the poor wild eyes saw nothing there, but were looking away into the past, and on into the sinful, terrible future. She had fought against this; she had feared it hourly, until, led on by weakness and despair, she had striven against conscience. In its turn conscience had ceased to speak, and she had almost forgotten what it meant, until the superscription on the back of the letter woke it up.

At last she broke the seal. There was a long letter inside, and she read it slowly through, pausing now and then to repeat a passage, as if the meaning would not enter into her brain clearly enough. At last it was all read, and a strange change had come over the girl's face. There was no fear, no doubt, no uncertainty there now; only a hard, desperate, set expression, and a feverish sparkle in the full eyes.

"There is not a minute to lose," she said, as if speaking to herself; and stopping the bearers, she called the head man to her. He came forward and listened with immovable features, as in a low, eager voice she urged something; long and earnestly she spoke, but there came no sign until she dragged forward a dressing-case, and pulling out a handful of glittering jewels, thrust them forward. The man's eyes gleamed.

"It is dangerous," he said; "but I will obey."

Then he spoke to the other man, and the palanquin proceeded about half a mile. Here they stopped again, and the man pointed out a hut.

"I can conceal you there for a day or two, but, as I dare not go back to Meerut, you must take me with you. I will see you safe to Calcutta; the Sahib will know how to reward such service."

CHAPTER III.

When Hervey's palanquin stopped at the bungalow, he looked in vain for the lights of that containing his bride. The plain was covered by jungle, so perhaps they were only hidden, and for some little time no feeling of apprehension entered his mind; but having waited nearly half an hour, and still no sign appearing, he grew anxious, and, ordering his men to accompany him, went back. Presently a native came up, his turban off, his clothes torn and stained with blood; falling upon his knees, he howled out a horrible story how they had been set upon by robbers, who had slain the good bearer while attempting to defend the lady, and how, after much fighting and rivers of blood, he (the wretched speaker) only escaped to tell the tale.

Half-maddened with horror, Hervey dashed back. The palanquin lay at the roadside, completely sacked—the very lining ripped up in search of hidden treasure, and with the marks of bloody fingers everywhere.

There was nothing to be done but to hasten back to cantonments with the tale, the horror and mystery of which paralyzed the little place. The country was diligently searched; several natives were taken up on suspicion, but nothing transpired: no traces of the bodies of either the head bearer or Beatrice could be discovered, and a shocking whisper got abroad that they must have been eaten by tigers, the jungle being just then full of these animals. As long as even the vainest hope remained of any clue being discovered to elucidate the mystery, or bring the perpetrators to justice, Major Hervey seemed nerved for any amount of suffering or work; but when several months had gone by, when the country had been thoroughly searched, and the enormous rewards offered for tidings of the crime remained unclaimed, hope deserted him. He had a long interview with Beatrice's father, and then left India for ever, taking home with him his boy.

When Hervey was gone, the sad story gradually ceased to be spoken of, save now and then as one of these tragedies that cast a blight upon the face of society, and attach a horrible interest to some locality or family.

Hervey did not stay in England. There was no rest for one such as he, and for nearly ten years he wandered the face of the earth—lion shooting in Africa, seal spearing among the Esquimaux, and buffalo hunting on the wide prairies of America; and then, when ten years had risen up between him and his lost love, he came back to civilization a wiser and far more earnest, if not a better, man.

It was summer time when he reached London. The season was at its height, and, to a man long used to roughing it with half-clothed savages, the world of London had an almost magical effect.

He went down to Eaton and saw his boy; then came back to town, and took lodgings for a month, not to look up any of his old friends, but to look on at the whirl and pageantry of life.

Ten years make a wonderful change in the face of society, and thin the ranks of old friends. Faces we have loved are missing; faces we knew so well are changed; age has stamped some, care others, and sin or sorrow has beaten out the fair bright hopes and beauty from many an one we last saw standing eager upon the threshold of life.

Some few faces Hervey recognized as he took his favorite stand by the rails along "the Row," and it was while leaning over these one day that his fate came to him. A lady rode past, and as she passed she turned. Her full face was towards him for a moment; then a mist came before his eyes, a cold tremor paralyzed his limbs.

It was his lost wife. He knew her at once. Death made no obstacle, years no difference, mystery none! His very being recognized her, and nature itself stood amazed.

For a time all power of thought seemed lost. He held on to the rail with a blind sort of instinct, and kept his face turned the way she had gone with a vague thought that she would return. And thus he stood, until a hand touched his shoulder, and a man, who had been standing by him, said—

"You are ill, sir. Let me get you a cab."

Hervey started, and made a faint effort to bring his mind back to its usual power.

"Thank you," he stammered, "I am not—yes, I believe I am ill. If you will be so kind," he began fumbling in his pocket for a card. "I have had a strange adventure. The dead has come to life. I—but I am wandering. Don't mind me."

Without any remark, the man who had offered his assistance took Hervey's arm, and leading him to the nearest gate, hailed a cab.

"My card," said Hervey, getting hold of his pocket-book, but unable to open it, with fingers trembling as his were. The stranger (or Samaritan, for he was one, surely) opened it, and taking a card, gave it to the cabman.

"I'll go with you," he said, jumping in after Hervey, "I owe you as much;" and then was silent. Hervey, sitting bolt upright, with a white set face, and with every nerve trembling.

"I will come to-morrow and see how you are," said his companion, as they stopped at the door of the lodging. "Here is my card."

On the card Hervey read, with a vague notion of having seen the name somewhere before—

"Colonel Richard Carter."

Next day Colonel Carter kept his promise and called. Hervey was better. He had reasoned, and almost induced himself to believe that the supposed recognition of the preceding day was the effect of one of those marvellous likenesses one sometimes sees, combined with a nervous and diseased imagination.

"I have long wished to see you, Major Hervey," were the first words Colonel Carter said, "and for a purpose; you will hardly thank me: for I have a story to tell you—my own story. You must not think me mad before you hear what I have to say. Providence threw me in your way yesterday, and neither you nor I can avoid such a power. My story is this:—Years ago, when I was quartered in York, I managed to make the acquaintance of a girl who was at a boarding-school there. We were very much in love with each other, and kept up a correspondence. At Christmas she went to spend the holidays with some friends. I followed her down, and met her in the hunting-field. We arranged everything there, and as soon as she got back to school she eloped with me." Hervey had started forward as he spoke of the hunting-field and Yorkshire; and then, dropping his face upon his clasped arms, he leaned upon the table, making no further sign while the strange story was being told.

"We were married at a village church, and went to London; the mistress of the boarding-school traced us, and insisted upon Beatrice going back with her, offering anything if we would consent to the separation only for a time, in order that she might not be blamed by my wife's father, or bring such scandal and ruin upon her school. I was a selfish, conceited fool; I had spent all the money I could get on the trip to London, and began to think I had made a mess of it. The woman had great powers of persuasion, and her own interest was at work: she told me privately the marriage was not legal; I believed her, and suffered her to take Beatrice away, knowing that she meant to tell her the same story.

"I rejoined my regiment, and told myself that I was a lucky fellow to escape from such a mess so easily, and that Beatrice would forget all about me, or only think me too great a blackguard to care for. I went to India, and was at M——— when Meynell's daughter came out; strange as you may think it, the coincidence of name had never struck me, and it was only on seeing her ride past the mess-room one morning, that I knew who she was.

"I was still a coward, and while debating what to do, a lucky attack of fever decided my course. I started for England, without seeing her again, or being seen by her, and, as she did not know my by my real name, there was no danger of her recognizing me in any way but by sight. I got down to Calcutta, but all the way down my conscience was at work; what with that and the journey, I was down in fever again directly I arrived. So the steamer had to sail without me, and I lay there tossing and raving for a fortnight; all the powers of evil fighting against the wild longing that had come over me, to go back to Beatrice, and behave like an honest man, for I knew by this time that our marriage was legal enough in the sight of the Almighty. The first thing I heard when I got on my legs, was that you were to marry her; and then, driven to my wits' ends to save her and myself, I wrote, claiming her as my wife, bidding her come down to me, and risk anything rather than marry you. That letter reached her the day of her marriage; she read it in the palanquin, and taking the head bearer into her confidence, threw herself on his mercy to save her. They have lively imaginations, these fellows, and, touched by her bribes, he planned the story of the robbers, the fight, and the carrying away of the bodies, and while the country round was being searched, brought her down to Calcutta, disguised as a native woman."

"And I saw her yesterday in the Park," groaned Hervey, without lifting his head.

"Yes, I was standing by at the time. I have wished year after year to meet you; many a time I've determined to write to you, but then I did not know whether the thought that she was really dead might not be a happier one than the reality. Beatrice thought so. 'I will not press you now, Major Hervey, but, if you wish it, I cannot tell you how glad I shall be to see you again, or give you any explanation you wish; but when you think of all this misery we've brought upon you, will you try and remember one thing, that,—blackguard as I was when I married her—as I was when I fled from her and denied her,—as I was when I let her bear her secret alone,—I was not bad enough to let her become your wife; and I tell you before God, that since the day she came down to me at Calcutta, I have been an altered man; that, saving the one great sorrow of the misery she had worked for you (her father died long ago), we have been happy."

Hervey lifted up his face.

"Will she see me, do you think?"

In an instant Colonel Carter's hand was on the other's shoulder.

"See you, Hervey! God bless you for a good fellow. See you? Yes, any day, if you'll see her."

Hervey nodded and held out his hand, and, taking the hint, Colonel Carter grasped it hard in his and left him.

* * * * *

A month or two afterwards a group of men were standing in the window of "the Rag."

"There goes Hervey, as irresistible as ever," said one. "If I was Carter, I'd look sharper after such a pretty wife."

"No you wouldn't," said Major Topham. "You don't know the story; it is a regular romance. I wish some one would make it into a book. It only came out this summer, and made us all stare, I can tell you, for we thought she was dead—murdered by robbers, and eaten up by tigers. Yes, don't laugh; come along to the smoking room, and I'll tell you the story."

As he told me the story, so I now tell it to my readers.

I. D. FENTON.

☞ A barber in Bordentown hangs out a sign declaring himself a "Physiognomic hair-cutter and ecstatic shaver."

A Frenchman on His Travels.

[M. Henri Herz the pianist, contributes to a late number of *Le Moniteur Universel* the following narrative of his experiences in Philadelphia. It was translated for *Every Saturday*. It is well to see ourselves as others see us.]

I made delightful excursions in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. I did not fail to visit the hydraulic machines on the Schuylkill, which supply the inhabitants of the city of Brotherly Love with water.

Here, as in a great many other places in the United States, man has struggled with the greatest obstacles thrown in his way by Nature, and has vanquished them.

It was necessary to force the water of the river into a reservoir so vast as to supply Philadelphia abundantly with water.

Heaven knows the quantity of water used everywhere in America! There, every house is provided with a comfortable bathing-room; washing is all done at home; almost all bed-chambers contain cocks of cold and hot water, and every Saturday the servants pump water on the front of the houses, as if they were attempting to extinguish a fire.

The visitor to Fairmount admires the machine which is contained in a stone building fronting the river. But he especially admires, in this cool and delightful spot, the beauties of nature which lie on every side of him. What a beautiful landscape; and how art, a simple but pleasing art, has seconded everywhere God's work! The water which charms the eye and purifies the air meanders in crystalline threads. The catalpa spreads its broad foliage and silvered, purple-dashed flowers over grass and stone, and seems to raise the longings of the Najads of a handsome stone basin cut in the rock, and from which a jet of water constantly rises. A sweet and vague harmony seems to be breathed by these almost mythological places, and the mind voluptuously dozes, rocked by dreams which are both pleasing and melancholy.

I did not make this excursion—its remembrance touches me even now!—alone. I went there in the company of a very amiable family in whose house I passed my most agreeable evenings at Philadelphia.

In giving a short description of each of the members of this family, and in tracing their manner of spending the day, I shall lay before the reader a specimen of the respectable families of honest and austere Pennsylvania.

The family consisted of Mr. G———, his wife, a son, and two twin daughters. He was a merchant about fifty years old. His wife was about thirty-five years old, and in the full bloom of a chaste and severe beauty. His son was seventeen. His twin daughters were fifteen; they were always dressed exactly alike, and bore so strong a resemblance to each other that their father sometimes took Jane for Mary. Their mother never made any such mistake. Women's hearts have eyes, which under these circumstances are never deceived.

Mr. G——— was born at New York of English parents. He began his merchant's career as shopman in a dry-goods shop. When he was twelve years old he was sent out collecting, and he sometimes travelled all alone with $10,000 in his pocket. He had the signature of the firm when he was sixteen; and in his twenty-fourth year he had a shop of his own.

His youth passed away without his participating in any youthful pleasures. All his faculties were concentrated upon one object, which could not escape him,—wealth attained by labor.

Thousands of people like this austere merchant are to be found in the United States.

Did there ever exist in France a child who was anything but a child?

I do not pretend to indulge in criticism or in praise in making these remarks. All I do is simply to mention a characteristic trait of national manners.

Mr. G——— continues in business, although he is master of an estate of some $600,000 or $800,000. He has never in the least changed his mode of life.

In the depth of winter he rises at daybreak, takes a cup of tea, and leaves the sumptuous mansion which is his private residence. He goes to a miserable little room, all aired and wretchedly furnished, situated in an immense shed filled with bales of goods, and which he calls his "office."

In this miserable shed, seated on a worn-out and almost broken chair, Mr. G——— would daily transact his business with the calmness and rectitude of mind which is the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. He would be kept at home by neither rain, snow, nor ice. When the streets were covered with sleet, and there was danger of walkers breaking their legs, he would put on the soles of his boots a small apparatus made of iron points, and thus shod he would go to his office. It was evident that he, as well as most American merchants, looked upon trade as something more than a means of making money; he looked upon it as a sort of sacred office.

When he reached his office, he examined his books and put them in order. His clerks invariably made their appearance an hour after he did, in this temple of trade, where the atmosphere was saturated with austere cares, where man became an ant by labor.

At nine o'clock Mr. G——— quitted his "business man's" chair to breakfast in a restaurant frequented by merchants.

In five minutes, and, so to speak, without sitting, he ate this meal, which was invariably composed of a piece of cold roasted beef and a dish of raw water-cresses seasoned with vinegar and mustard.

Then he returned to his office, received customers, read the newspapers, went to 'Change, visited the custom-house, returned to his office to give his last orders, and at last went back to his private residence.

He dined silently with his family in fifteen minutes, and spent his evenings in a small room reserved for his private use, unless he went to a scientific club to which he had for many years belonged.

Mr. G——— was fond of study as well as of business, and when I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, he had long been preparing a complete work on the statistics of the United States from the Declaration of Independence. He was good enough to communicate some portions of his manuscript to me, and allow me to copy some of his figures.

Mrs. G———, in conformity to the usages established in Pennsylvania, rose very early in the morning all the year round, and never left her bed-chamber without being dressed as if she were going on the street. Her two daughters made their appearance a little later. They were neat and elegant without affectation. At eight o'clock, whether the month was January or August, breakfast was laid on the table.

Breakfast consisted eighty out of one hundred times of fried ham and eggs, and of very weak coffee in large cups.

After breakfast the girls took their school-books and went unattended to school.

As soon as Jane and Mary went off, Mrs. G——— tied around her waist an apron as white as snow and ordered the servants to do their day's work, setting the example herself. The house was cleaned and put to rights every day from the cellar to the garret. When everything was at last arranged, in rather cold, it must be confessed, but irreproachable order, Mrs. G——— retired to her chamber to dress a second time.

She invariably went out every day on foot or in her carriage, from two to five o'clock, to pay visits to her acquaintances or to the dry-goods shops. She would often, without having the least intention to purchase, make the shopmen unroll twenty packages of goods, or she would examine whole boxes of ribbons, or try on a dozen shawls. This mode of killing time—the despair of shopmen—is so common among American women, it has its own peculiar name, and is called "shopping."

Mr. G———'s son was engaged in his father's office from morning till night, without a moment's rest. After dinner, he went to the theatre, or retired to the basement, to take in succession a lesson on the piano or a lesson in German.

Such was the life of Mr. G——— and family, and such is the life of nearly all the commercial families in the United States, whatever their position of fortune may be.

Before quitting the city of Brotherly Love, to give concerts in Baltimore, a little incident happened to me, which is so eminently characteristic I must tell it.

I was at the hotel dinner-table by the side of a Frenchman whose acquaintance I had made. The dessert was placed on the table, and presently nothing remained in the plate but one cake. The Frenchman offered it to me. I refused, and begged him to keep it for himself. He courteously insisted, and pressed me to accept it. The cake looked tempting, and I reiterated my prayers to him. "It is for you," I said to my polite neighbor.

"I really do not want it."

"But I beg you to take it. You will disoblige me if you don't eat it."

"Well, then, since you absolutely insist upon it, I accept it."

I was about taking it, when an American sitting opposite to us, and who witnessed our reciprocal hesitations, gallantly took up a fork, crouched half-way over the table, lengthened his arm, adroitly stuck his fork in the cake and dexterously bore it off, to our great amazement. He quietly ate it, and did not seem to have the least suspicion there was the least ill-breeding in what he had done.

Mothers.

Maternal love is a mystery which human reason can never fathom. It is altogether above reason; it is a holy passion, in which all others are absorbed and lost. It is a sacred flame on the altar of the heart, which is never quenched. That it does not require reason to feed it and keep it alive is witnessed in the instinctive maternal love which pervades all animal nature. Every one must have instinctively felt that the aptness of the Scriptural illustration of maternal solicitude, which likens a great love to a hen, which gathers her chickens under her wing. The hen's maternal care, so patient, so unselfish, is a miniature replica of Nature's greatest work. No doubt, it is carried on and on *ad infinitum*, until we want a microscope to see it. There are myriads of anxious mothers on a leaf, whose destiny is to live for a single day and then die for ever; as there are millions of anxious mothers in the human family whose span of life is three score years and ten, with a glorious eternity lying beyond. The mother is the mainspring of all nature, the fountain of all pure love, the first likeness on earth of God Himself. Men did not deserve to have the first entry into the Garden of Eden. Burns, with his great sympathetic soul, seems to have felt this when he sang of Dame Nature,

> "Her 'prentice han'
> She tried on man,
> And then she made the lasses, O!"

Summer Flowers.

When bedding plants first became popular, simple masses of decided color were "all the rage. Here a bed of yellow calceolaria, there an unmitigated bed of fiery geranium, and so on; but soon a taste for ameliorating this simple coloring developed itself. Here and there a silver lining to the cloud of color appeared, furnished by some pretty dwarf or glaucous edging plant, like Cerastium tomentosum, Stachys lanata, or the silvery Cineraria maritima. Then lines of varied colors began to surround and dart here and there through the "pure and undefiled" masses; and finally a little silvery bush, like the distinct and effective Centaurea ragusina, appeared in the centres of beds and vases, relieving the monotony of color to some extent. A knowledge of the best and most useful of these edging plants is useful to the planter.

Pansies and Daisies should be set out in rather a shady and moist place,—not under the shade of trees, as the roots of these dry the soil too much.

The Hollyhock has become one of the most popular and useful of summer bedding plants. They like a rich, warm, and rather dry soil.

The Carnation likes a deep, rich soil; the plants should be raised from layers afresh every year. July is the time to do this.

☞ The editor of the New Bedford Mercury has seen a miniature fork, the tines of which were handsomely gilded, and the handle very nicely varnished. The fork had for many years been used by a person recently deceased, and his son with filial regard had it thus elaborately ornamented, to be preserved as a memento of his respected parent.

☞ A supposed son of Napoleon I. recently committed suicide at Dresden, by drowning himself. He was in features and person the exact image of his alleged father, and his claims to this illustrious parentage were at one time strongly supported, but they were never recognized by Napoleon III. His mother was the beautiful and famous Countess Kielmansegge.

☞ Another new bonnet is out—a common white handkerchief is passed over the top of the head and tied under the throat, with a wreath of roses in the shape of a horse-shoe on top.

Origin of the Word "Fenian."

A few days ago, a Cincinnati gentleman sent a polite note to James Stephens, the Fenian chief, asking about the origin of the term "Fenian," and stating that he had failed to get any satisfactory answer from "intelligent Irishmen" in that city. In reply to this, Mr. Stephens directed a rather supercilious note to be written to his correspondent, in which Mr. S. expresses his "astonishment" that his correspondent "should fail to be satisfied on that subject by intelligent Irishmen of Cincinnati." He then proceeds as follows:—"Every student of Irish history will recollect that a chieftain existed in Ireland, just anterior to the Christian Era, named *Finn McCuel*. This personage was the commandant of the Feonin Erin or Irish militia, at a period when Ireland was a nation, and her people protected themselves against the encroachments of all invaders."

If the gentleman to whom this was sent has access to any "student of Irish history," or to any good work on Irish antiquities, he will find that Mr. Stephens could hardly have succeeded in getting more historical and antiquarian blunders into the same space than he has. We have before us Dr. O'Halloran's "History and Antiquities of Ireland," Dublin, 1819, and written prior to 1802, in which the origin of the term "Fenian" was explained more than sixty years ago by quotation from an old poem in the Irish character, written in the ninth century. Far back in the gloom of history the Irish were a polished and learned people, when nearly every other country of Europe was in the darkness of the barbarous ages. This is not disputed even by the enemies of Ireland. At that time and both before and after, the Irish nation was known by a variety of names, such as Milesians, Scots, Gathelians and Fenians. These names were applied to the whole body of the people. It is claimed by the Irish antiquaries that the Irish people are descended from a colony of Scythians, who, under Fenius, made a lodgment in Egypt, about a thousand years before Christ. The son of Fenius married Scota, daughter of the Egyptian king, and they had a son called Gathelius. This colony was subsequently expelled from Egypt and went to Greece, where they lived about fifty years. Thence they migrated to Spain, and afterwards passed over from Spain to Ireland in thirty ships. Milesius, from whom the Irish take one of their names, was a Spaniard.

This is the account of the Irish antiquaries, and *has been* for more than a thousand years. It will be seen from the names given how the Irish got their several national appellations, and especially that of "Fenians," in the olden time, which is the original of all. On page 268, vol. I., of Dr. O'Halloran's "History and Antiquities," he quotes a verse of the old poem of the ninth century above referred to, and prints it in the original Irish character. The following is a literal translation:—"It is clear the Irish were called Fenians from Fenius; Gathelians (or Gaels) from Gathelus; and Scots from Scota." Subsequently the old name became a root for words applied to military bodies and great military men. The Irish national militia were called Fionne Eirion. Sometimes the general of this body was called Righ Fionne, or King of the militia. Ultimately it got to be used as a proper name for individual chiefs, as Feilbhe Fionne, once admiral of a Munster fleet, and Fion MacCumhal, referred to by Mr. Stephens, but who, by-the-way, was not a chieftian "*anterior*" to Christianity," but was a general of the Crown army in the third century of the Christian Era. In the foregoing observations we have followed the traditions of the Irish antiquaries without affirming their absolute credulity. Our object has simply been to trace the origin of a word that has made quite a noise in the world for a few years past.

☞ Said Quilp to a young "swell," pluming himself on receiving an invitation from a lady to accompany her to Prof. Blot's cookery lecture, "I presumed without doubt you would receive such an invitation from some one." "Ah?" rejoined the exquisite inquiringly. "Yes, when I read that each lady was requested to bring with her a pencil, paper, and—a SPOON." "Yes?" still inquiringly. "That's all," replied Quilp, as he left the bewildered young man.

☞ A Lost Art Re-discovered.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states a Mr. Disman of Upper Sandusky, Ohio, has discovered a process of hardening copper, an art which has been lost since the days of King Solomon. It is well known that the ancients possessed the art of hardening copper and making it equal to the best of steel, but for nearly three thousand years all knowledge of the method has been in oblivion.

☞ The novelty in petticoats is a single deep flounce, which assists to hold up the skirt, and prevents it from clinging. This deep flounce is trimmed with several rows of narrow ruches, which are well starched. Two petticoats made in this way are considered equal to one crinoline.

☞ In an old family Bible in Connecticut the record of a birth is entered in this wise:—"Elizabeth Jones born on the 20th November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection!"

☞ In the month of June, 1861, just after our civil war commenced, the earth passed through the tail of a comet. We were completely immersed in the tail of the great comet of that year for hours. This had no perceptible effect on the weather, a fact which supports the theory that comets are composed of much rarer particles than our atmosphere.

☞ An Indian out West remarked upon seeing a lady with a dress arranged over an Empress trail:—"Ugh! much wigwam!"

☞ A Dutchman, a few days ago, picked up a bound volume of documents, on the back of which was stamped "Pub. Doc's." "Teufel," said he, "vat kind of books vill they bring next? As I lif, here ish one on pup togs."

☞ Good spirits are often taken for good nature, yet nothing differs so much, insensibility being generally the source of the former and sensibility of the latter.

☞ A few days since the officers of the customs at Rouse's Point, New York, seized some $2,000 worth of alcohol in casks, invoiced *pure shellac varnish*, which proved to contain a slight mixture of gum shellac in alcohol, in order to pass it through the custom-house as varnish. If this new dodge could succeed, we should soon have all the alcohol in the British Provinces introduced into the United States as varnish, as importers can save over $2 per gallon by passing it through the custom-house in this manner. The highest rate of duty on varnish is less than $1 per gallon, while alcohol pays $3. After passing it through the custom house in this form, the gum is easily separated and the alcohol left pure.

Dickens's Readings.

At the readings of the great novelist, Charles Dickens, a London letter says: "I will, once for all, give you a sketch of his manner, and of the scene usually presented when he appears. I went to the first two readings which he has just given in London. It was, of course, at St. James Hall, the most fashionable of the large assembly rooms of the metropolis, holding about three thousand people. Long before the doors were opened, they were besieged by an eager multitude of ladies and gentlemen. The price of admission ranges from twenty-five cents to a dollar and a-half. The larger and better portion of the seats were 'reserved,' and were filled with people, the feminine portion of whom were most brilliantly dressed. It was amusing to hear the jokes and outcries of the people, in the back part of the room, among the unreserved benches. They were all allusions to characters in Dickens' writings. This was before the arrival of the great man himself. If a person stood up in front he was saluted by such fire in the rear as this:—'Sit down, Peckaniff;' 'Take of you hat, Uriah Heep, be a little more 'umble.' 'Hello, Squeers, how's the brimstone and treacle?' Of course, at these tremendous hits there was great laughter. Almost at the moment announced Mr. Dickens advanced upon the platform. He was in elaborate evening-dress, wore gloves, and had a rose upon his left breast. Though he steps with an elastic tread, and all his bearing is vigorous, he is showing signs of years in his face, and in the increasing baldness of his head.

"As the audience in the reserved seats were not at all in their places, he stood behind the little table in silence for nearly five minutes, eagerly looking about the hall, every now and then his face lighting up with a playful smile as he recognised his personal friends before him. This long standing in silence would have been embarrassing to some men, but he made good use of it to survey his audience and be surveyed by them. He twirled in his hand a beautiful bound copy of *Dr. Marigold*, but did not open it. At last, when the house was still, he began without preface or explanation, reciting the whole of Dr. Marigold, which he had written; that is, the first and last chapters. In the play of feature, the telling glances of his eye, in gestures and in attitudes, as well as in the wonderful flexibility of his voice and the almost ventriloquial variety of his tones, it was an amazing and consummate specimen of acting. His voice had but one deficiency, and that was, power to pervade so large a room. From first to last he had the fullest control over his audience, and brought tears to their eyes and laughter from their lips at his will. His sustained vivacity, his ease and force, the fun of his look and manner, the delicacy of his pathos, and the intensity of passionate joy, particularly when Dr. Marigold finds that the child of his dumb ward has a voice, united to make Mr. Dickens's recitation perhaps the most perfect and masterly display of histrionic genius, which London has witnessed for many years. This, at least, is the decided verdict of old play-goers and theatrical critics, such as Edward Yates, who is 'The Flaneur' of the Morning Star.

"It took Mr. Dickens an hour and ten minutes to give Dr. Marigold. After a few moments' retirement, he came on again and read 'Mr. Bob Sawyer's Party,' and then sent us away home in high glee and admiration."

☞ A German professor has been trying to measure the "ultimate atoms." From certain theoretical data he finds the thickness of an atom of atmospheric air to be 3,937 hundred-thousand-millionths of an inch. In a cubic foot of air he calculates there are 216,000,000,000,000,000,000 atoms. This confident arithmetician also says that an atom of air weighs just fifteen ten-thousandths of a grain. This is the last degree of science.

☞ One day last week a band of outlaws went to the house of a man named Gunter, in Overton county, Tennessee, and on some frivolous pretext took him to the woods, stripped and were unmercifully whipping him, when his daughter seized a hatchet, rushed to the spot and succeeded with heroic bravery in killing two of the ruffians and wounding others. The young lady and her father have since been driven from the county.

☞ Miss Harriet Hosmer, the American artist now in Italy, is described as a fast girl, making $10,000 or $15,000 a year by her chisel, but never succeeding in living within her income. She drives the fastest horses, and makes the most beautiful marbles ever looked upon.

☞ Prof. Blot thus lets us into the secret of the manufacture of olive oil:—In regard to olive oil, but little of the real article is imported. The French manufacturers press the oil from the olives, and retain it for home use; they then grind the olives and mix lard imported from America with them and press again. From this comes the olive oil which is sent to other countries; four-fifths of it being lard.

☞ Once in a Lifetime.—A traveller announces a fact, (and though he is a "traveller," we believe him,) that he once in his life beheld people minding their own business! This remarkable occurrence happened at sea—the passengers being too sick to attend to each other's concerns.

☞ Young ladies, in adjusting their "false calves," should be careful and secure them in the right place, else the limb will assume the appearance of deformity. A frightful instance of this kind was witnessed on the Avenue yesterday.—*Washington Republican.*

☞ In Kentucky, a criminal is said to "fall out of jail" when he is hung by a mob.

☞ Good Wishes.—The gentleman who sent us "fifteen thousand dollars in good wishes," will be indignant to learn that a butcher refused a quarter of mutton for them.—*Post.*

☞ Economy.—The "Muslin Club," in Paris, is doing wonders already in the way of popularizing economy in ladies' dress.

☞ Tobacco Juice.—A child was poisoned to death in Paris by the application of tobacco juice mixed with lard to its head.

☞ Game.—"Long Point," on the northern shore of Lake Erie, is to be made a hunter's paradise by an association of English gentlemen, who mean to stock it with game as a "preserve."

☞ Chickens Hatched by Steam.—A man named Ellis has made preparations to hatch "sixteen thousand chickens" by steam, during the coming season, on his ranch on the American River, in California.

☞ If a man is "steeped in poverty," won't it take all the strength out of him?

☞ It is reported that Dr. Pusey intends to visit America.

☞ One of Prof. Blot's gastronomic maxims is "never eat anything that don't taste good."

THREE VISIONS OF ONE HEAD.

She wore a wreath of roses,
The night that first we met;
Her lovely face was smiling,
Beneath her curls of Jet.
Her curls of jetty brightness,
Were charmingly in tone,
With the color on her features,
For the hue was nature's own.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now;
With the hair that nature gave her,
Above her snowy brow.

A head of Paris fashion
When next we met, she wore;
The expression of her features
Was sharper than before.
And standing by her side was one,
Who seemed to give her pain,
As he rubbed the reddening fluid on
What should have held her brain.
I saw her but a moment,
Yet methinks I see her now,
With the barber's nasty liquid
Smeared on her snowy brow.

And once again I met her,
No radiant locks were there;
An unmistaken wig she wore
Instead of lovely hair.
She weeps in silent solitude,
Because she looks so queer!
The barber's poison has destroyed
Her hair from ear to ear.
I saw her but a moment,
Nor want to see her now,
With those ugly proofs of folly
Above her snowy brow.

A New Tea Plant.

The muse's friend, *tea*, does our fancy aid.
Repress those vapors which the head invade.
—*Waller.*

Many of your readers may like to know a little of the new tea plant, which at the present time furnishes fashionable tea tables in Paris, with the favorite nectar of the Parisian ladies. The *Angraecum fragrans* of Thouars is the orchid worshipped under the name of Faham in the French capital. It grows upon the slopes of the island of Reunion, and very probably some will remember that George Sand praises it highly in her description of the Isle of Bourbon. The natives have used it for years in preference to tea, which they could have obtained with facility from China, and a French firm have lately introduced it by its native name of Faham to the public.

Medical testimony states that it "combines the tonic and digestive properties of tea" without its sleepless one, and a very delightful account is given of its aroma, one writer suggesting that the teapot will serve a double purpose, that of a "perfume vaporiser."

The leaves being simply dried renders the tea very light in color, and one gentleman who is fond of smoking, proposes that some of them should be made into cigars.

This is the best mode of "drawing" the new tea:—Put the leaves and stalks in *cold* water in a teakettle, then boil them for ten minutes, and your tea is made; pour it into your teapot, and send it round in cups like any other tea, with cream and sugar.

Diamond Traders' Tricks.

A very common mode of fraud, practised on inexperienced persons in cut stones, is the "doublet," or "semi-stone." In this case the top of the stone is genuine, and the under-part glass, joined together artistically with cement, sometimes, for instance, the top is sapphire and the under-part a gem of less value, such as garnet. When set, these stones are very difficult to detect, and frequently deceive the most experienced. When the under-part is of glass, however, the application of the file to the under as well as the upper surface will, of course, at once show the imposition. Set stones which are set with a back are generally of pale color or small lustre, painted or set with colored foil, to enhance their beauty. Sometimes, however, stones which are set open, or, to use the technical term, "asur," have the interior of the setting enamelled or painted, to throw a tint of color into the gem; or, in the case of the diamond, have the inside of the setting of polished silver, to correct a yellowish tinge. In all these cases, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and a careful examination will prevent any one being deceived by these means. "Doublets" are frequently sold by the Cingalese at Colombo to Europeans, and to the passengers by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers; sometimes blue glass, cut into facets, and sent there from Birmingham and Paris, are palmed off for the real stones.—*Mr. Emanuel.*

☞ Perpetual Motion.—The Saturday Press thinks that if "perpetual motion" should ever be discovered it will certainly be in some national or state legislature, several bodies of that description having come pretty near it already.

☞ Sandwich Islands.—Rev. Dr. Stanley, Bishop of Honolulu, says that the result of the teaching of the American Board of Missions there has rendered the natives ten times worse than they were under the heathen system.

☞ The driver of a Jamestown (Cal.) vegetable wagon, while on his way home one night recently, was stopped by a gentlemanly robber, with a mask on, and politely requested to "pungle;" but finding that the transferable cash amounted to only $2, he returned it to the owner, remarking that "no gentleman would take so small a sum."

☞ A bashful lover in St. Louis, about to be married, took morphine to steady his nerves. Result—he forgot to wake up at the wedding hour; the bride was disgusted, and the wedding indefinitely postponed.

☞ A Connecticut judge, newly elected, heard his first case with becoming dignity. After all the testimony had been taken, the amusing discovery was made that the offence had been committed in Rhode Island, and that our judge had no jurisdiction. His honor determined after this experience to be more circumspect in future. The next day came a blooming lass and laddie, to be united in the "estate of matrimony." At the close of the ceremony, our friend, the justice, introduced the following, the result of his yesterday's lesson: "And now I pronounce you man and wife, so long as you shall both live *in the state of Connecticut!*"

☞ Toombs sends word from his retreat at Havana, to the young men of the South, advising them to remain at home, as he still considers the South a country much preferable to Brazil, Mexico, or Cuba.

A Boy's Journey.

A feat of juvenile courage and perseverance has just been accomplished by a French boy of thirteen, which is worth mention. Three months ago, dissatisfied with his treatment by an uncle in Paris, he started from the latter capital with 60f. in his pocket to go to his mother, who is married to a second husband, a French workman in the employ of the Shah at Teheran. With the aid of a map and guide-book the little adventurer tramped right across Europe, receiving such hospitality by the way that, on reaching Constantinople, he had still nearly half his francs remaining. After a short rest in Pera, he crossed the Bosphorus, *en route* for Persia, but a little beyond Scutari was stopped by some Turkish policemen and brought back till an interpreter was found. His story being thus learned, he was passed over to Pera and placed in charge of the French Consul, in whose custody he now is, unable to understand why he should be interfered with, and angrily impatient to pursue his journey. Love for his mother, and a keen yearning for her protection, rather than any mere wild impulse of boyish adventure, seem to have been his chief motive throughout.

☞ Mr. Simeon Warner, a gentleman who resided in Brighton, was fatally injured, a few weeks ago, by the fall of a chandelier in his dining-room.

☞ A man came home drunk on a cold night, and vomited in a basket containing goslings, which his wife had placed before the fire, upon seeing which, he exclaimed, "Goodness gracious, wife! when did I swallow them things?"

☞ A genius has been lecturing in Connecticut on "Manhood, without regard to sex."

☞ NEW MAXIM.—A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.

JULES JARED'S EMAIL DE PARIS.

An Exquisite and Delicate Beautifier of the Skin.

TESTIMONIALS FROM ACTRESSES.

This new and delicate beautifier gives to the most harsh and grated skin both the color and texture of freshly polished ivory. It is used by the most refined and scrupulous ladies. It quickly and effectually removes all discolorations, whether appearing as freckles, tan or morphew, and is especially successful in smoothing out the marks of smallpox. Mademoiselle Vestvali, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Lucille Western, Mrs. Emma Waller, and many other ladies in private life acknowledge its harmlessness and effectiveness. L'Email is the only real beautifier of the skin before the public, and is entirely different from the vulgar pastes, powders and paints that injure the skin. Sold by Eugene Jouis, 111 South Tenth St., Philada. Orders by mail should be addressed to JARED & RENÉ, Philada., General Agents. mar24-3m

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-6m

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WANAMAKER & BROWN'S FINE CLOTHING.—This establishment, located at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market streets, and familiarly known as "Oak Hall," is the largest and best-conducted Ready-made Clothing and Merchant Tailoring house in Philadelphia. Their superior styles, excellent workmanship and moderation in prices have made their house deservedly popular. In their Custom department, where elegant garments are made to order, none but the very best artists are employed, and the fine assortment of materials to select from enables every one to be well suited.

We can recommend this house to all our friends and those who live at a distance can have samples and prices sent by mail, with directions how to measure themselves, so that they can be fitted without difficulty. ap7-3m

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—We have often spoken of this great medicine in terms of very high praise, and we have as often felt that all we could say in its favor would not do it full justice. It is one of those medicines of which we can speak—and speak decisively from experience; for we have repeatedly taken it, and invariably with the best results and the greatest satisfaction. We always keep it on hand, ready for an emergency, and we regard it not only as one of the very best and most reliable medicines in use for various ills, but as one of the cheapest also. Its cost, by the way—that is, the cost of some of the imported ingredients of which it is composed—has been considerably increased since the commencement of the war, but the price of the medicine has been but very little advanced. It is not likely that the popularity of Davis' Pain Killer will in any measure decrease, or that the demand for it will in the slightest degree decline, until some other specific for allaying pain and curing the various complaints for which it is so generally used, shall be discovered, of equal potency with it—of which there seems to be little probability at this time. As a remedy for stomach complaints, such as dysentery, diarrhœa, etc., the Pain Killer is without doubt unsurpassed, and everywhere most deservedly in demand. One, two, or three doses—of not more than half a teaspoonful each, in a wineglass of water or milk, with a little sugar—have repeatedly, within our knowledge, effectually cured serious trouble of this kind. Judgment should undoubtedly be used in not checking certain stages of diarrhœa too suddenly; but taken at the proper time, the Pain Killer will act like a charm, and frequently cures when nothing else will.—*Providence Advertiser.* je16-2t

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HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, AND OINTMENT.—Sore legs, sore breast, ulcers, abscesses, cancers and wounds of whatever character gradually yield to a course of these medicines. All sores are for a time the safety-valves of the constitution, and should be slowly healed by the ointment with the aid of the pills. Sold everywhere.

℞ MARTIN LUTHER once thought he saw the devil in his chamber, and threw an inkstand at his head. Had they had in those days AYER'S PILLS to exercise all the devils that come from a disordered stomach, his laughable fright would not have become a matter of history. je16-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Treadwell Walden, rector of Saint Clement, JOHN C. BUCKLONE, M. D., of R. I., to MARTHA A., daughter of W. Williamson, M. D., of this city. No cards.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. GEORGE W. HETHERINGTON to Miss ANNA C. TOWN, both of this city.

On the 23d of May, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. WILLIAM F. KEYSER to Miss ELIZA L. BUNKU, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. J. B. Kennard, Mr. E. W. THOMPSON to Miss CORNIE H., daughter of the late Saml. R. Crawford, both of this city.

On the 31st of May, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOHN B. EVANS to Miss CAROLINE E. DULL, daughter of Christian Dull, Esq., both of this city.

On the 29th of May, by the Rev. D. Washburn, Mr. HENRY W. VOGEL to Miss MAGGIE COFFIN, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. F. Coombe, Mr. ISAAC C. MADISON to Miss ISABELLA H. ALSOP, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. MARGARET SHAW, in her 56th year.

On the 4th instant, Mr. WILSON ATKINSON, in his 34th year.

On the 4th instant, Mrs ELIZABETH C., wife of Aaron R. Butcher, in her 42d year.

On the 3d instant, C. HENRY LOUDENSLAGER, in his 67th year.

On the 3d instant, Mr. WILLIAM BARNS, in his 51st year.

On the 3d instant, CAROLINE P., wife of Wm. J. Miller, aged 25 years.

On the 2d instant, Mr. JONATHAN T. SMITH, in his 29th year.

On the 2d instant, Mr. CHARLES R. CARPENTER, in his 64th year.

On the 1st instant, EMMA ELIZABETH, wife of Wm. Eltonhead, aged 27 years.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse, rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

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HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingué* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

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"We take great pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for severe Burns, Bruises, Sores, Stiff Joints and Rheumatic Pains, and all say it acts like magic. We use no other Liniment."

J. W. HEWITT,
Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

Gentlemen:—"I had a negro man worth $1,200 who took cold from a bad hurt, and was useless for over a year. I had used everything I could hear of without benefit, until I tried the Mustang Liniment. It has perfectly cured him, and I can now take the above for him." Yours, &c.,
JAMES DORRANCE.

Every Planter, Teamster and Family should have this invaluable article. Each wrapper will, hereafter, bear the signature of the Proprietor, and G. W. Westbrook, Chemist, with the words "Trade" "Mark," in two Medallions of the Federal Currency, and our private U. S. Stamp over the Cork. Beware of counterfeits. It is sold by respectable dealers everywhere. Buy of none other.

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$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. my12-3m H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market continues dull. Sales comprise about 9000 bbls, ranging from $7,75@8,50 for superfine; $9,75@10 for low grade and good extra; $10@11,50 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for fancy; $11@12,50 for Penna and Ohio extra family, and $13@16 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $6,50 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Prime Wheat continues scarce. About 12,000 bus red sold in lots at $2,40@2,50 for common to fair; $2,60@2,75 for good and prime; $2,80 for choice; 10,000 bus spring Wheat at from $2,30@2,35; and 1200 bus white at from $3@3,25 ₩ bus, as to quality. Penna Rye; 1800 bus sold in lots at $1,40 ₩ bus. Corn—About 39,000 bus prime yellow sold at 90@95c ₩ bus. Oats; 2000 bus Delaware sold at 76c; 9000 bus Penna at 73@75c, and 20,000 bus Western at 63@65c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—The transactions continue limited. Small sales are making at $31@31,50 ₩ bbl for new Mess Pork; 20@25c for plain and fancy bacon Hams; 20c for pickled do., 14½@14¾c for salt Shoulders, and prime tierce Lard at 22½@23c ₩ lb. Butter; sales of roll at 22@30c, the latter rate for good, and solid at 22@25c. Cheese; sales of old New York factory at 19@21c, and new at 17@20c. Eggs sell at 22@23c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—About 1100 bales of Middlings sold in lots at prices ranging from 38@40c ₩ lb.

BARK—Quercitron continues scarce; first No 1 is in demand at $31@31,50 ₩ ton.

BEESWAX—Small sales of Yellow are reported at 40@41c ₩ lb.

COAL—Cargo sales are making at $5,50@5,75 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ₩ ton for Red Ash.

FEATHERS—Small sales of prime are making at 95@100c, and common at 70c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—There are no Green Apples here. Dried Apples—We notice sales of old at 15@18c; new range from 19 to 21c. Peaches are disposed of in a small way at 20@24c for unpared halves.

PLASTER continues dull at $4 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is in fair demand; small sales of prime are making at $6,50@7 ₩ 64 lbs. Timothy continues very dull at $5,@5,50 ₩ bus. Flaxseed continues scarce and in good demand at $3 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at from $2,50@2,55 ₩ gallon. Whiskey—200 bbls Pennsylvania sold at from $2,24@2,26, and 100 bbls of Ohio at $2,28@2,30 ₩ gallon.

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12c ₩ lb.

WOOL—There is very little doing. Small lots are reported at 57@60c for fine fleece; 55@57c for medium, and 42@45c ₩ lb for coarse, as to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 17@18 cts ₩ lb. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½c ₩ lb. 3000 Hogs sold at from $13,00 @14,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Among the embellishments for May are the fine suggestive picture, "The Return of the Swallows;" a showy, picturesque and tasteful Fashion Plate, comprising costumes for riding and other lively, out-door amusements; the wood-cut "Cloverbobs," illustrating the story "How Dr. Rounder beat his Boys;" and "The Bird-Lover," accompanied by a pleasing sketch. The patterns for dress are unusually captivating. An Evening Bodice, a Promenade Jacket with Hood, a Morning Dress, an Evening Toilette, an Embroidered Apron, Hats, Caps and Head-dresses, patterns for Knitting, Crotchet, &c., are among them. The stories are as usual varied and excellent. Una Locke contributes "Brave Heart of a Woman;" Emilie Lester Leigh, "Life's Saddest Loss;" Tracy Towne, the lively sketch "No Pains, No Gains;" August Bell, the quaint and charming story "Behind a Sofa;" Mrs. M. F. Ames, "Why he Became Governor;" and Emma B. Ripley, the conclusion of the interesting story of "Zillah." Then there are poems by Florence Percy, Phila H. Case, Mrs. Annie Bache, Mrs. Anne Sears Fiske, and others; and in conclusion, editorials, book notices, receipts, and fashions.

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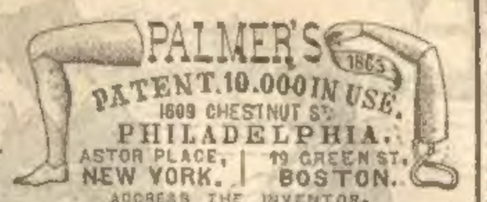

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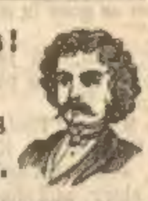

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CURE LUMBAGO, PAINS OF THE SIDE, VARICOSE VEINS, SORE CHEST, &c.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A "Free Ride" on the Cars.

A Zanesville man, being "flat broke," and wanting to go to Columbus, concluded to "brass it," and accordingly took a car on the Central Ohio railroad. The Signal thus describes the trip:

The train had nearly reached Clopool's before the conductor, whom we shall call Jones, had reached our deadhead friend, in his round of collecting tickets and fares.

"Your ticket, if you please," said the conductor.

"Haven't any," said the deadhead.

"Where are you going?" inquired the conductor.

"Columbus," replied the deadhead.

"$2.10," said Jones.

"Haven't nary a stamp," remarked our deadhead acquaintance.

"You must pay your fare or get off the train," said the conductor.

"Stop her," quietly remarked the deadhead.

The train was stopped, and he was left on the side of the road, to wait, as he said, the next train, on which he succeeded in getting. The same scene transpired, ending by deadhead telling the conductor "to stop her," and he being again left on the side of the road. Train after train was boarded, and each put him off a little nearer Columbus. The last train on which he got was that of our friend Jones, who was on his return trip from Bellaire to Columbus. Deadhead got on his train at Potcetkal, and was under full headway before he was discovered by Jones.

"Going to Columbus again, I suppose?" remarked Jones.

"Haven't been there yet," said deadhead. "I can't get a ride more than six miles before they put me off. I don't think I'll get on more than one or two more trains after your'n before Columbus will be the putting off place.

"Well, do you think we can carry you unless you pay your fare?" inquired Jones.

"Stop her," quietly remarked deadhead.

"Well, I do think," said Jones, "of all the brassy individuals I ever met, you are ahead of them all. I'll take you for your infernal impudence and nothing else;" and deadhead was carried into Columbus on the same train he started on three days before.

A Yankee Anecdote.

Andy Cummins, who used to live out near Framingham, was a "cute down-easter"—a real live Yankee, hard to beat. He was once in a country bar-room "down south," where several gentlemen were assembled, when one of them said:

"Yankee Cummins, if you'll go out and stick your penknife into anything, when you come back I'll tell what it's stickin' in."

"Yer can't do no such thing!" responded Cummins.

"I'll bet ten dollars of it," answered the southerner.

"Wal, I rather guess I'll take that ere bet! Here, captain, (turning to the landlord) hold stakes, and I'll jist make half a saw-horse in less than no time."

The parties deposited an X apiece, and C. went on his mission, but in a short time he returned, saying:

"Wal, neighbor, what is it sticking in?"

"In the handle," replied the southerner, holding out his hand for the stakes.

"Guess not; jist wait a minute," said the Yankee, as he held up the handle of the knife, minus the blade. "I kalkilate the blade can't be in the handle, when it's driv clean up in an old stump aside of yer road out thar."

Cummins, of course, won the wager, and the southerner sloped for parts unknown, amid roars of laughter.

Economy.

"What are ye after, Barney?"

"Writing a letter, sure."

"And where would you be after sending it to?"

"It's not my intention to send it at all. Isn't a copper as good in my pocket as in the post-office?"

"Ay, faith, and ye always was the boy that knew how to save pennies. But where is this letter going?"

"To Mister O'Tool, Kilkenny. Well, do you see? I'm going to Kilkenny myself, to see Mr. O'Tool, and I thought I'd write this letter and take it along, as I shall save the postage; and you know it takes a power o' contrivance to get along now-a-days, the times is so hard."

PLOUGHING IN IOWA.—A friend, just returned from Iowa, says they have such huge long-nosed hogs in a portion of that State, that the settlers employ them to plough the fields. He says they bury a corn cob at one side of the field and place the hog at the other side. The porker immediately digs his snout into the rich soil and turns a furrow, equal to that of the best plough, right up to the cob. Some settlers aver that if a stump should be in the way of the furrow, the hog splits it with his snout.

A NEW HAVEN LADY has a little boy, about two years old, of dark complexion, who was sent into the sitting-room to amuse himself. Soon his mother heard a crash, and on going into the room found a fine mirror broken into small pieces. On being asked what he had done it for, he said he was not going to have that curly-head "brack" boy making up faces at him!

A VERY volatile young lord, whose faults were numberless, at last married. "Now, my lord, said his wife, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," said he, "this is my last folly."

☞ Among the curiosities of English justice is mentioned that a man was lately found guilty of manslaughter for killing an old woman by furious driving, and sentenced to eight months imprisonment, while a woman has been sent into penal servitude for seven years for stealing a yard of ribbon valued at 6d.

THE LATEST.—The latest style of bonnet has turned up at Richmond, Ind. It is described as consisting of two straws tied together with a blue ribbon on the top of the head, and red tassels suspended at each of the four ends of the straws. Price, nineteen dollars."

☞ If we would have the kindness of others we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants.

A PREDICAMENT.

Jones is, in his own opinion, a fine horseman, but his noble steed recently insisted on joining a party of other noble steeds, all strangers; very much to the consternation of their fair riders.

☞ Three trains were recently stopped on one Scottish railway simply by the force of the wind, and all at the same hour; one of the trains was stopped in a deep gap through which the wind poured with immense force. The front of the engine was afterward found to be covered with a whitish deposit which proved to be salt, and the bright parts were much rusted.

☞ A stout but distinguished lady went to a fancy ball dressed as a shepherdess. Her mild husband, on seeing her thus attired, said, "Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on her flock."

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILOSOPHY OF FERTILITY.

What we are going to write at this particular time is intended especially for intelligent, practical farmers. Not one word for keepers of city hotels and livery-stables who sell every year to farmers and market-gardeners the value of a respectable farm in *water* thickened with litter and animal excrement, calling it "stable manure." Nothing have we to say to chemical *savants* and wise philosophers who write learnedly about the merits of all the legions of commercial, artificial fertilizers.

The secret of all vegetable fertility is fermentation, and fermentation uncovered of all mystery and presented perfectly plain, is a *gentle boiling*—except in cases of violent fermentation. Then of course there is violent *boiling*—excessive heat—a vicious vegetable excitement and inevitable death, or diseased condition of the plant placed within the influence of such fermentation. This being the case, that element of fertility which soonest meets the requirement of plants in an assimilable form is the most proper and valuable.

Then that material, whatever it may be, so that in its constituents are found the elements of plant food in the proportions and conditions that vegetable necessities require them—one of the most important of these conditions being the highest state of comminution—in plainer terms, as fine as dust, and a portion of which is readily soluble in the ordinary moisture of the soil itself, is the most proper, wholesome, and economical manure the farmer can apply to his land.

Lime, salt and plaster are all in their way valuable manures. But for a farmer to deposit plaster in blocks as it comes from the quarry, lime in unslacked heaps, or rock salt in Lisbon cubes, over his fields, would be an exhibition of foolish fertilising philosophy. So with all other manurial material—bone, for instance. A hard, shin-bone of a bullock contains nearly one hundred per cent. of the food most suitable to the majority of plants. But that shin-bone placed in a field entire goes into liquidation so almost imperceptibly that in seventy-five years it will have disbursed scarcely seven per cent. of its manurial wealth; at the end of a hundred years, it may be found tossed and tumbled about the field, a *shin-bone* still. The same bone broken into half inch cubes will require forty years to impart all its fertilising power to the soil, and consequently to the vegetable growth from said soil, while in its third and best condition—reduced to an impalpable dust, the same shin-bone begins to exert its fertilising agency in an hour after application to the soil, in precisely the same manner that active yeast begins to perform its office of fermentation, almost immediately upon its introduction into the newly moulded loaf.

It is only rich amateur agriculturists who farm for pleasure, who can afford to wait the gradual disbursements of slow fertilizers. To the practical portion of community whose intention is to farm for profit, that material which acts earliest, affording quickest returns, is always most economical, notwithstanding its cost per hundred, barrel or tun may be something greater than that of the slower fertilizers.

All stable manures are valuable fertilizers, and ought never to be wasted, but as the average of their bulk is ninety per cent. of water, and the remaining ten per cent. never the most energetic agent that can be applied to the soil, no farmer can ever in reality afford to pay $1.50 per load, hauling the litter three miles. And as in such cold, wet, backward seasons as the past spring has been, the soil and its offspring vegetation require that which will soonest bring about the "*gentle boiling*" condition—warming fermentation, consequently the indiscriminate piling on of raw, cold, sluggish, weedy barn-yard and stable manures, ninety per cent. water, so generally practised, is a serious error in fertilising philosophy.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

It is very generally well understood that the transplanting of all deciduous trees must of necessity be performed at seasons when the tree or shrub is out of foliage, the circulation of sap suspended, or nearly so, and the tree in a state of rest from its growth of labor. The great difference of opinion is as to whether spring or fall is the most proper season for transplanting. The opinions seem to be about equally divided; but in all the arguments advanced on both sides, we have seen no one as yet beginning at the base, and arguing from cause to effect. No one has taken into consideration the constitutional characteristics and habits of our deciduous trees and shrubs as having a bearing in the premises.

With all trees and shrubs that have an early flow of sap, and are first to swell their buds in consequence, the fall is the season most proper for transplanting; while those of more tardy habits—later in their flow of sap, later in bloom and foliage, as early in the spring as the work can be correctly accomplished is the more appropriate season. Thus—with all the maples, birch, hickory, walnut, and all trees of similar habits, as well as a large variety of shrubs, the fall, when bare of foliage, or during the winter, all conditions being favorable, is preferable to spring transplanting; while with such trees as the elm, bass, poplar, beech, and a majority of our fruit trees, April and early May were obviously the better rule.

The transplanting of evergreen trees seems to be far less practically and popularly understood. Until within a few years, mid-winter, the ground frozen like a rock, and a big ball of frozen earth, were the universal requisites of successful evergreen transplanting. Under the rigid frost rule three-fifths of the evergreen patients died.

We say confidently that in transplanting all evergreen trees and shrubs, the latter part of June, and on through July and August, is *the* season for transplanting. The requisites careful handling, as much earth as convenient covering the roots, all the broken or badly bruised roots cut off with a clean cut, a liberal-sized pit, the tree set two or three inches deeper than it grew before, filling in with fine earth and closely by packing, rounding up the surface, and then have full confidence that your evergreens are going to survive and grow vigorously. And they will almost always, if the season and practice are both observed.

We have transplanted a respectable forest of evergreen trees and shrubs at various times, in various regions, always in summer time, and under oath should be willing to testify that we killed less than ten per cent. of the subjects.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

A correspondent inquires the *modus operandi* of growing pea-nuts. Too late in the season for that crop, and before planting time next year, every Post patron would forget every word of instruction published this week. But we shall keep pea-nuts in mind, and if nothing comes in to prevent, will give the North Carolina practice in detail, in time for next year's planting. In the meantime if our friends would willingly be learning something of the ground-nut's habits, they might experiment to advantage with a few hills—rich earth, raised six inches, seed spread, four or five in a hill, covered an inch deep, hills two and a-half feet apart. A good deal may be learned that would come in conveniently next year.

N. B.—It will be well to remember that *roasted* pea-nuts are not worth planting.

In reply to the inquiry about raising pop-corn for bantams,—we say yes—certainly, that can be easily done. But why not buy cracked corn, hominy, "grains," feed coarse corn meal wetted into a stiff dough with scalding water—add a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of Cayenne pepper? It will be cheaper, but little more trouble, and infinitely better for the bantams.

All fancy fowls, as well as those kept for service, ought to have salt, Cayenne, and bits of fresh meat frequently, especially in warm weather.

GATHERED GRAINS.

—— Notwithstanding the wheat croakers are out in full cry like tree-toads before a rain, the wheat fields through Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, and all West Jersey, as a rule are promising as fairly as any one ever saw them at this season.

—— To kill off and clear out aphides and pestiferous bugs that infest your roses, cram an old fashioned tin dinner-horn half full of broken up tobacco leaves and stems. Set fire to the big end, put it up to your lips, and pointing the small end in among the rose foliage, blast away. The loss in killed, crippled, and *missing*, will be complete. If you are a smoker, you can change ends and take an occasional whiff.

—— Whenever there begins to be serious trouble with a finger or thumb, and your suspicions are that it may be a *felon*, treat it as the law ought to treat felons—kill it. Saturate a rag thoroughly in tincture of lobelia, take about four turns with it, tie it in place, and in a few hours there will be an end of that felon. We have seen a great many cures, and have this day quieted an *ache* of our own in that way.

—— Every cur caught trespassing in your sheep field, send him a salute of double *B*'s—skin him, compost him, tan his hide for lace leather. He is worth $2.25 that way. Less than nothing alive and at large.

RECEIPTS.

SOUP AND BOUILLI.—Stew a brisket of beef, with some turnips, carrots, onions, and celery, all cut small; put the beef into the pot first, then the roots; add a few cloves, and half a pint of beef gravy; simmer an hour; add sufficient beef gravy to fill the pan; boil gently for half an hour.

CURRY SOUP.—Cut the meat from an ox-cheek, and soak it well; put in a stewpan, with three onions cut in slices, and a bunch of pot herbs; add three quarts of water; remove the scum frequently, and strain; add half a pound of soaked rice, one teaspoonful of curry powder, a little pepper and salt, and stew four hours.

POTATO CAKE.—Pare some steamed or well boiled dry potatoes, pound them in a mortar, adding to them butter and milk in which sugar has been dissolved. When the potatoes have been thoroughly well beaten and mixed, boil the paste and pour it into a basin to cool, after which add to it the yolks of eight eggs, a sufficient quantity of sugar, the whites of four eggs beaten to a snow, and two spoonsful of orange-flower water. Butter well the inside of a mould, and sprinkle over the sides some bread-crumbs, and pour in the mixture. Let it bake until of a good color, and turn it out on a dish. If eaten hot, serve it with sauce.

COCOA-NIBS.—A good recipe for boiling cocoa-nibs for a breakfast beverage. It is best to use a tin pot, the same as for coffee. Put the nibs to boil with water; after it has come to the boil, let it simmer for three or four hours; then place it to cool till next morning. A thin cake of oily matter will be found on the top, every particle of which must be removed, pour the infusion carefully off the nibs, give it a boil, and it is ready; take it with cream, like coffee, and either with or without sugar.

TOFFY.—1 lb. loaf sugar, ¼ lb. golden syrup, ¼ lb. fresh butter, a teaspoonful of cold water put into the preserving pan, and then the ingredients. Stir while boiling, and as soon as it will crisp when dropped into cold water it is done. About twenty minutes is the time it takes.

SWEET OMELETS are made by beating up eggs and sugar with a very little powdered cinnamon or any flavoring essence, cooking in the usual way, and serving with powdered sugar over them. If one white of egg be beaten up into a froth and well mixed with the rest, it will improve the omelet, as will also the keeping some of the whites back, mixing say six yolks and four whites, one of them beaten up into a froth. By applying a red-hot poker over the sugar at the moment of serving, so as to form a pattern, both the appearance and the taste of a plain sweet omelet are improved. The Gallic term for a sweet omelet is *omelette sucrée*. The following, which is called *omelette aux confitures*, is accomplished by inserting in the manie, so to speak, of the omelet any kind of jam or jelly (currant, &c.) at the moment of serving; but in this case no essence or spice should be used, as it would kill or neutralize the flavor of the jam.

What is called in France an *omelette soufflée*, or blown-out omelet, is done in this way: separate the yolks and whites of three or more eggs, beat up the yolks with sugar and some essence, and beat the whites into a stiff froth; mix the two thoroughly, cook and serve with sugar over it. In the cooking of these, however, there must be no doubling up, and the top of the omelet must be colored with a salamander whilst it is cooking. Great care is also required in transferring it from the frying pan to the dish. It is a difficult thing to produce this dish creditably, and in the following form it is better to eat and easier to cook:

Having beaten up your eggs, and mixed and flavored them as above, pour the mixture into a round shape, and put it in a quick oven, serving in the shape itself, with a napkin pinned round it, if the appearance of the shape on the dinner-table be objected to. It takes from ten to twenty minutes to cook. This is what is called a soufflé, and here is another sort:

Scrape some very good chocolate quite fine, mix it with the yolks of eggs till quite dissolved in them, add sugar, and the whites beaten up into a stiff froth. Cook as before, and serve swiftly.

All sugar used in these preparations must be loaf sugar. Moist sugar would lead to utter failures; and another cardinal point is for the cook to time her proceedings, so that her soufflés be ready the very minute they are wanted, for any delay in taking them from the oven to the dinner is fatal, if not to the taste, to the appearance of them.

PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.—The rind of the fruit must be pared off and all black spots cut out, and the pine must then be rasped on a fine and very clean grater. Weigh the quantity, and then boil it gently for ten minutes; take it off the fire and stir into it by degrees fourteen ounces of best sugar to the pound of fruit, till it is dissolved. After the sugar is added, the whole must be boiled for about a quarter of an hour, till it becomes quite transparent.

TO PRESERVE PINEAPPLES.—Peel a pineapple rather thickly, so that no black spots may be left, and cut it into slices of a quarter of an inch in thickness. Make a syrup with half a pound of the best lump sugar to half a pint of water; when this is made, put the slices of fruit into it, and let them boil together for ten minutes; then carefully remove the slices with a spoon, put them into a jar, pour the syrup over them, and let them stand for two days. At the end of this time drain the syrup off, add to it another quarter of a pound of sugar, and boil it up again, without the fruit, pouring it over it, when done, as before. Repeat this operation once again at the end of two more days, again adding a quarter of a pound of sugar to the syrup; and when cold the preserve will be ready for use. It will keep for a long time if the air be carefully excluded, by laying a bladder over the top of the jar.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 1, 7, 14, is the name of a Hebrew.
My 2, 6, 5, 12, 9, is a musical instrument.
My 3, 16, 18, means *to strike*.
My 4, 8, 12, 21, is synonym for *close*.
My 5, 11, 2, 6, 5, 20, is a boy's name.
My 6, 20, 12, 21, means *to raise*.
My 7, 8, 10, is the name of a fish.
My 8, 10, 10, 11, 4, is a girl's name.
My 9, 2, 2, 4, is midday.
My 10, 20, 12, 21, 4, means to gain knowledge.
My 11, 12, 17, is to take food.
My 12, 5, 6, 7, 8, means to be of one mind.
My 14, 3, 11, 12, 17, is a kind of grain.
My 15, 8, 21, 2, is a man of distinguished valor.
My 16, 6, 20, means anger.
My 17, 19, 8, is *to bind*.
My 18, 19, 5, 7, 6, is a fierce animal.
My 19, is a personal pronoun.
My 20, 5, 21, is to wander from the right way.
My 21, 2, 14, 11, 10, is the wheel of a spur.

My whole is the name of a distinguished American poet. SOLOMON SMITH.

Beardstown, Cass Co., Ill.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 23, 25, 1, 4, 19, is a musical instrument.
My 14, 24, 16, 17, 13, is a man's name.
My 20, 7, 3, 12, 18, 25, 5, means to make less.
My 9, 21, 15, 23, 10, is not slow
My 6, 22, 23, 8, 11, 4, is to overthrow.

My whole is a motto of one of the United States. W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

Double Acrostic.

My first is the height of bliss,
But often brings my second to grief.

1. I am different in each nation.
2. Always the commencement of reformation.
3. Both against evil and good.
4. A spice, which improves our daily food.
5. In sickness and sorrow, a true friend to all.
6. Once the fashion—but now never seen at a ball.
7. By some I am reckoned an innovation.
8. This we all ought to do in temptation,
9. And not go with us to transportation.

C. P.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required to find 3 square numbers in geometrical progression, such, that if each be diminished by its root, the remainder shall be a square?

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A spherical shell of copper 40 inches in diameter containing a cast iron ball 2 inches in diameter would sink to its centre in common water. What is the thickness of the copper?

JAMES M. GREENWOOD.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is London like the letter E? Ans.—It is the capital of England.

☞ Why is A like a honeysuckle? Ans.—A bee follows it.

☞ Why should red-haired men be chosen for soldiers? Ans.—They carry fire-locks.

☞ Why is the letter G. like the sun? Ans.—It is the centre of light.

☞ According to the laws of retaliation, what right have you to pick a painter's pocket? Ans.—He has pictures (picked yours.)

☞ A backgammon table contains the garden of Eden, does it not? Ans.—Paradise is in it (Pair o' dice.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Emerson Bennett's next story." CHARADE—Saw-dust (saw—dust.) REBUS—Pindar (Pope—Illesus—Nelson—Death—Addison—Rogers.) ANAGRAMS—Potentates, lawyers, Christianity, telegraphs, Horatio Nelson, solemnity, patience, miniature, sweetheart, misanthrope, pedagogues.

Answer to H. R. Spink's PROBLEM of March 31st—4 12-17 days. H. R. Spink, and C. F. Carnwright.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of April 7th—William should pay 102.249 cents; John should pay 47.651 cents. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of April 7th—63 rods from the centre of the smaller circle, and 69 rods from the centre of the larger circle. A. Martin.

Answer to S. H. G.'s PROBLEM, same date—34.9066 square inches. S. H. G. and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Delta's PROBLEM of April 14th—14.27297624 perches. David Diefenbach—14.2728 rods; J. M. Greenwood and H. R. Spink.

Answer to W. H. Morrow's PROBLEM of April 14th—Admit the diameter of the earth to be 8,000 miles, and 1.01-8,000 of the earth's surface is hid from his view. J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to S. H. G.'s PROBLEM of April 21st—Sides 16 feet each; ends 12 feet each. S. H. G., E. D. Lewis, P. Buckwalter, H. R. Spink, W. H. Hill.

☞ A Memphis paper says:—"A business firm in our city detected a thief quite adroitly a few days ago. They had missed money from the till for some days, amounting to $200, but could not detect the guilty party. The cashier, a few nights since, emptied into the drawer a cup filled with nitrate of silver. The thief went to the till to make his evening's capital, and in abstracting the money covered his hands with the nitrate, which he was unable to get off. An examination of his paws in the morning, proved the *faux pas*, or thief's, and the guilty party was arrested."